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The Light at Home.

The light at home, how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall;
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort all;
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name
Around the light at home!

The light at home—how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door,
The weary laborer to greet,
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that its beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home.

"Ramon."

[El Refugio Mine, Northern Mexico.]

Drunk and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man
Alive or dead,—
By his great pump out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear,
Overhead,
Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame—
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cries ex-intendant Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give him to you," he said,
"Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine:
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath—
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below,
Came the miners each, the bolder,
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well—
To the poisoned pit of hell,
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," says he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with Death shall cope,
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures reappear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skilful hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained,—
He the hero and the last,
He whose skilful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer!"

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine;
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards. Senor, my name
Is Ramon!
I'm the drunken engineer—
I'm the coward, by that sign,"
He fell over, by that sign,
Dead as stone!

—*Bret Harte.*

SPONGE-CAKE.

Lottie Hanscom sat on the back porch of her mother's house. A basket of pease half shelled was beside her, and she was abstractedly tossing empty pods at the heavy-headed poppies in the garden border. When the time for summer boarders came Lottie had to be "second girl;" and a very piquant little housemaid she looked, with her black curls pushed into a net, and her bright calico skirt fastened back. She was humming in a low tone, and listening between times to the gay laughter of the group on the front piazza, where three young ladies were embroidering with Berlin wools and two gentlemen lounged on the steps smoking.

The air she was humming was a sad one, but she felt merry enough. It is true that she was a little tired with her morning's work, and a little indolent because of the heat of the day. It is true, too, that she was conscious of a faint twinge of envy when Mr. Davenport's barouche was drawn up to the house by a pair of panting horses, and its owner, leaping to the ground, assisted a lady companion to alight.

Lottie would have liked to go riding in a barouche with—well, with some one who was not Mr. Davenport. It is a pity the "some one" in question could not have seen the crimson deepen in her cheeks as she pulled the basket of pease toward her and commenced the song over again:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

A step and voice behind her arrested the next words on her lips. Turning, she saw Mr. Davenport, who had come through the hall, and stood looking down on her, with his hat in one hand and a half-finished cigar in the other.

"All the birds seem to be singing on this side the house, Miss Lottie."

"Yes," was the demure reply. "Silas says there are two oriole nests in those elms. They're very pretty singers."

Mr. Davenport did not see the mischief in Lottie's downcast eyes. He was more amused than vexed by her literal answer.

"Will you allow me to sit down here a while? Perhaps they may go on singing."

Lottie made no objections, only shelled pease very vigorously. When Mr. Davenport had seated himself, thus bringing his hair, which was already beginning to be streaked with gray, on a level with the top of the basket, she did cast a sly glance of admiration at the heavy gold chain at his side and the rings that adorned the hand with which he was wiping his heated face.

"It's excessively warm. Can't I help you with those pease, Miss Lottie? It is a pity to stain such pretty fingers as yours."

Lottie blushed, more at his glance than his words, and replied, hastily,

"Oh, no, certainly not. I'm used to it."

"But you don't like house-work, do you? You'd as lief somebody else would shell the pease, and so forth. Eh?"

"Why, yes. That's of course."

"Ah! I'm glad you're frank with me. Do you know I've been curious about you often, when we've all been enjoying ourselves, and you've been working away hard like a good little Cinderella? Do you know I've actually worn a path under the kitchen windows trying to get a peep at you."

"No," said Lottie, with a frank look of surprise; but something in Mr. Davenport's answering gaze suddenly caused her to bend over the basket, to hide the vexed color that burned on her cheek.

"Miss Lottie!"

The voice was almost a whisper, and a hand softly tried to draw away the basket of pease.

"Well, sir?"

"Put these away a while, and let me talk to you."

"Why, I'm listening! I sha'n't have the pease ready for dinner!"

Nevertheless, she let him put the basket one side, only saying, with a nervous attempt at a laugh,

"There! now are you satisfied?"

Mr. Davenport deliberately took the basket's place at her side, and, bending his dark, bearded face very near to her own, answered,

"No, not yet. How can I be satisfied, Miss Lottie, when you show so plainly that you don't like me?"

His hearer confusedly disclaimed this conclusion.

"Why, Mr. Daveuport, I—I— Of course I do!"

"Well, I don't want you to like me. I don't like you."

Her puzzled and somewhat resentful glance made him smile. He continued, bending so near that a fringe of hair brushed Lottie's curls:

"I believe you know already what I mean. You little coy, black-eyed sprite, I love you. Didn't you guess it before I told you?"

The garden, the overhanging vines, and the sky whirled before Lottie's eyes. Love her?—the rich Mr. Davenport, who had more money than he knew what to do with! Love her? She was too much amazed to resist when he took her hands in his, or to comprehend the disconnected sentence which confirmed his declaration. The first words she heard distinctly were uttered by lips that almost touched her cheek:

"Will you marry me?"

"I—I— Somebody will see us," she said, struggling in vain to free herself.

"That isn't answering my question. Poor little stained fingers! they shall never do any more hard work. How would you like to be a rich lady, Lottie?"

He saw the quick sparkle in her eyes. Ah, how beautiful! To dress, to drive, to dance, to see a thousand things she had heard of! She let the clasping arm draw her closer and closer, and the bearded lips touch hers once. The clump of marigolds in the garden gleamed like a prophecy of the wealth she might possess if she would. No more calicoes and kitchen-work; but, instead—

"Are you never going to tell me yes?"

Some answer that Lottie managed to utter earned her so many kisses that she struggled again to rise.

"Let me go, please!" she entreated, scarlet with shame.

"Well, I want to put this ring on your finger. There! and now—"

An approaching footstep startled them. Mr. Davenport rose hastily, and Lottie, too, sprang to her feet. Susan, the house-maid, appeared in the doorway, and Mr. Davenport turned abruptly down the garden path.

"Be them peas shelled, Miss Lottie?"

"No, but almost. What time is it?"

"Eleven and a quarter."

Lottie went to work in serious earnest, despite her excitement; but she was fated to have another interruption, in the shape of a tall, blue-eyed youth, who came up the garden path with several fish dangling from a rod.

"There!" he said, dropping these on the piazza, and throwing himself down in the place Mr. Davenport had just vacated, "those are for Susan, if she wants them. I've had good luck this morning. I suppose the fishes wanted to celebrate my last holiday. Don't you think so, Miss Lottie?"

"Your last holiday!" was the blank rejoinder. "What do you mean?"

"I've got to go back to the city to-morrow. Two of the clerks are sick. Ho for cashmeres and muslin again!"

He looked up at Lottie rather expectantly, hoping for some expression of regret; but not a word did she say. A sudden pallor had replaced the flush on her face, however. The heavy seal ring that Mr. Davenport had placed on her finger most inopportunely slipped off just here, fell from her lap, and rolled along the step slowly. The newcomer picked it up, changed color as his eyes fell upon it, but merely said, as he handed it back.

"You have a new ring, haven't you?"

"Ye-yes."

He watched her as she hastily pushed it on again; then said, rather indignantly:

"You haven't told me whether you're sorry I'm going or not."

"Of course I'm sorry, Mr. Willard," was the reply, in stifled tones; for Lottie was bending over another handful of pods.

"'Of course!' Is that all? Well, that's the way with women. A man believes a woman will perhaps think kindly of him when he is gone, will perhaps regret his departure from her, as he regrets it himself; and she tells him calmly, why 'of course,' she is sorry!"

Lottie was making sad work with the pease. Spite of all she could do, a little quiver of the lips betrayed her agitation as she responded hurriedly,

"Why, I mean it. What—what can I say but just that—that I'm sorry?"

"And you call me Mr. Willard."

"Harry, then!" with an apprehensive glance down the garden path.

"Lottie, I believe you have made a vow not to look at me. Do put those con—I mean those pease—out of the way!"

"I can't!—you mustn't! There, now! see what you've done!" cried Lottie, in real distress, as an unguarded movement sent the basket and its contents rolling down the steps.

"I'll pick up every pea if you'll sit still five minutes and talk to me. Lottie, now tell me truly are you sorry I'm going? Shall you ever want to see me when I'm miles away from this little town, back in New York?"

"Oh, don't, don't! How can you bother me so? Indeed, I must pick up the pease this minute!"

The tears rolling down the round cheeks were sufficient answer; but, man-like, Harry persisted.

"I don't see how I bother you. It's only a simple question; but I know what the real answer is—you don't care a straw! I'm only a poor clerk, and there are plenty of rich widowers in the world."

"Oh, Harry!"

This time Lottie sobbed outright, and so piteously that Harry was conquered.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know I had! Don't cry; please don't cry, dear. If you knew half how sorry I am myself—how it seems to me I never can go away from you—you wouldn't blame me; you'd forgive me if I am a brute! You do care about me, don't you, Lottie?"

No answer, but unrestrained sobs and mute resistance as he tried to take her hand.

"Lottie!" There was a whole volume of reproach in the one word.

"Oh, don't! don't! You mustn't talk to me any longer."

"And you won't answer me?"

No reply.

"And you don't love me?"

Silence still.

Suddenly his arm stole around Lottie's waist, and the hidden face was lifted and scanned by a pair of blue eyes.

"Lottie, do you love me or not?"

"I—I don't know. I mean I don't—I can't— You mustn't talk to me so."

"Why not?"

"Because I—I must shell the pease."

"What in the world is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Lottie, freeing herself desperately, as the odor of a cigar was wafted toward them, and the top of a beaver hat became visible at the extreme end of the garden walk. "Go away—oh, do go away!"

"I'll go when you've answered. It is a little thing enough to ask. Just say yes or no. I tell you I love you; you know I do. I'm a poor man, but I can make my wife comfortable, and I'm certain I can make her happy. Lottie, I was sure you cared for me this morning; if you say you don't, I never shall be happy again. Say yes or no."

What Lottie meant to answer is hard to tell. Mr. Davenport came into view suddenly, and her mother's voice sounded from the kitchen,

"Lottie! Lottie! where are those pease?"

She tore her hands away, and sprang down the steps, saying, hastily and contradictorily,

"No, no; certainly. Yes, in a minute."

Without a word more, Harry picked up the pease for her—the work of full five minutes—set the basket on the porch, and walked away. Ten minutes later the pease were finally shelled and put on the kitchen table, but Lottie was no where to be found. She was locked in her chamber. The seal ring had been tossed indignantly on the floor, and its new owner was crying as if her heart would break.

Half that long summer afternoon she staid shut up, too miserable to face any comment, too hopeless to see any way out of the trouble she had brought upon herself; for if she had said "no" to Mr. Davenport and "yes" to Harry Willard, she would have been a happy girl. What was there to do but face the consequences? She might unsay the yes, but never the no; and yet if she were to write to Harry—if she were to tell him she never meant it! There was still a little of his holiday left—if, indeed, he did not let his anger hurry him away.

The sunshine of mid-afternoon was slanting in on the faded carpet and yellow wash-stand as Lottie hastily bathed her eyes and pulled a writing-desk toward her. It slanted more and more from the west as she sat considering, perplexedly biting the end of her pen, writing and re-writing and tossing and tossing aside tiny cream-tinted sheets of paper, until the table was littered with beginnings, and only one sheet was left in the box. This she finally took up despairingly, and wrote the date and the commencement:

"My dear Harry.—I don't know how to write this to you, and I am very much ashamed to take back what I said, but I never meant to say it. I had to, because Mr. Davenport was coming, and that was his ring I had on my finger, and he had just asked me to marry him, and I had said yes, because, you know, he is so rich, and I thought it would be nice to be a lady. I don't know what made me say yes, for I don't love him, and I do love you. I am so sorry I said what I did. You'll forgive me, won't you, now you know that I really don't care for any body but you? Please! "Lottie."

As she sat looking at this rather crude production of hers a difficulty occurred to her. How should she send it? Carry it to the post-office, and let the post-mistress, who had known her from a baby, discover that she had written to Harry Willard? Never. Drop it into the post-box? No, for the handwritting would betray her, and the whole town would hear of it. Could she give it to Harry herself? No, not that! Or give it to Susan to give him? Worse yet. Thoroughly perplexed and disheartened, Lottie fell a prey to her own fears. If Harry had the letter, he might be disgusted by her forwardness, or else too much displeased to forgive her at all. Perhaps it was unlady-like to think of sending the letter, and yet, if she did not send it, Harry would go away.

A miserable half hour of indecision followed, at the end of which she tossed all the scattered sheets in a heap into her writting-desk, locked it, and then cried with renewed abandon. A series of sharp raps on the door and a voice by no means gentle roused her.

"Lottie! I say, Lottie! For goodness' sake, what are you about? Here it's after four, and no cake for supper, and Mr. Willard going in the six o'clock train! Come right down stairs, and don't let us have any more dawdling! Come! there's no time to spare."

How Lottie ever got into the kitchen, and in what manner she contrived to begin her cake-making, she never knew. Harry going at six! She was such a child that his going away seemed to her to end everything finally between them. She should never see him again! Over and over she said it to herself as she mechanically weighed the flour and the sugar for sponge-cake, beat her eggs, and commenced to mix the ingredients. A great many tears fell into that cake, and they so blinded her that she did not see her mother at her elbow, as she was dropping it into the pans, until a sharp voice startled her:

"Lottie, what has come over you? You haven't put a bit of paper in the bottom of those pans! It would have burned for certain, and here it is almost five. Hurry! run and get some paper, quick!"

Lottie, still mechanically, searched the drawers of the dresser in vain; then, spurred to action by the sharp voice and by the sound of the clock striking five, she rushed up stairs to her own room, tore off two half sheets of paper from the pile she had thrust into her desk, ran down again, and had the cake in the oven in such a miraculously short time that even her mother was astonished.

"There, now, pick over those berries, and set the table. Susan hasn't finished ironing. And fetch up the butter, and—"

The voice buzzed in Lottie's ears, as she hurried from one thing to another. At last everything was done and on the table, but the cake, and the shrill ringing of the supper-bell admonished Lottie to hurry with that. Never was cake so unceremoniously tipped out of the pans and so roughly cut up. The papers had burned on, and there was no time to stop to pull the fragments off. So Lottie made the best of it, and left them on, dumping the cake-basket down on the sideboard, with a long sigh of relief.

She did not dare to go into supper on account of her swollen eyes, and on account of Mr. Davenport, whom she was afraid to meet. And if Harry was going, what was the use? She could not let him go unwatched, however; so, running up stairs, she hastily donned a walking dress and hurried out of the back-door toward the village. From the post-office she would be sure to see him pass, and it "would be some comfort just to do that," thought poor Lottie, trying to swallow the lump in her throat as she hastened along.

Once in the post-office, she dawdled aimlessly about the counters, asking for this and that, and keeping her broad hat pulled low over her face lest the marks of tears should be seen. She waited a long time, watching the street, but Harry did not pass. The clock pointed to five minutes of six—perhaps he would be late for the train. At any rate, he had not passed, and there was no other road to the station.

One minute of six. Surely the clock must be wrong. No; for the whistle of the train sounded with its first stroke, and Harry had not gone by. He had been late, then. Lottie turned toward home in a hurry. If she should see him—

She did not finish that sentence, for she had no idea how seeing him would help the matter; still she felt more cheerful as she hastened along the sunny road. She had almost reached home when she saw the object of her thoughts coming toward her at a round pace. There was no valise in his hand, and he still wore his fisher's coat. Lottie's heart gave a great bound, half of relief, half of apprehension. The first feeling quickly predominated, for Harry's strides soon brought him to her side, and he looked down on her from his altitude of six feet with a smile that betokened any thing but displeasure.

"Where have you been running to, you naughty child? And where—why, where's your seal ring?"

"At home," responded the puzzled Lottie, faintly.

"Why didn't you come to supper, and bid me good-bye?"

"You haven't gone."

"I'm going, though. Will you give me some sponge-cake for luncheon?"

More and more amazed, Lottie made no reply at all.

"Did you make the sponge-cake we had for supper?"

"Yes."

"Made it in a hurry, didn't you?"

"Why?"

"You didn't get all the paper off, that's all. See what was stuck on my piece, you small deceiver! Why didn't you use the post-office instead of the sponge-cake? Eh?"

A small strip of greasy paper was laid in Lottie's outstretched hand. Upon it she read the beginning of her last epistolary production of the afternoon:

"My Dear Harry,—I don't know how to write this to you, and I am very much ashamed to take back what I said, but I never meant to say it. I had to, because Mr. Davenport—"

Here the paper was torn off, and, besides, was taken forcibly out of Lottie's hand, which was clasped in two others.

"You wrote that to me? You mean it? Say yes!"

For some time after Lottie's reply nothing connected or sensible was said on either side; but when they had reached the garden gate, and were philandering under the elms, Lottie said:

"But I don't see how you got so much paper on your cake. I thought it was all in little fragments."

Harry laughed.

"I couldn't break it easily, because it was so tough—no offense to the cook—so I took a whole bar. I couldn't eat it, for I had no appetite, so I turned it over and looked at it, and, singularly enough, I began to get hungry immediately. Let's have sponge-cake for our wedding-cake, Lottie!"

Travail of a Life.

In a late London paper appeared the following, appended to a notice of a woman starved to death:

"On Thursday her landlord opened the bare room, whence all the furniture had been taken bit by bit for food. There was no fuel, no food in the room; only a skeleton that a few days before had laid down her pen, never more to take it up again—laid it down in that moment when her childhood's hour had risen before her, just as the waters of life rolled into eternity's deep sea!"

Who was it that thus went out a famished thing into the world to come? Her journal contained these words, the name of the owner having been carefully erased:

Fire I have gone without for days, and now I am trying to see how long this tired body can endure without food. Strange, that during the last few days I have lived over again my girlhood's life. I am again in the old rectory, once more I hear through the open church windows the flow of the river, I hear the hum of the bee, and smell the sweet-scented hay; and amidst all this dreamy, delicious Sabbath silence, a voice is preaching the law of charity to simple listeners. "Faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of all these is charity;" so far I have listened, and I am off again, eyes and thoughts following the gayly-winged butterfly which has just come in at the open window.

We penetrate into the very heart of the dense copse, and somehow or other silence keeps our tongues. The ripened nuts fall softly upon the dried leaves, and the nimble little squirrel overhead is eyeing us askance. Suddenly my brother leaps to his feet to gather some flowers growing near. I am by his side; he has extended his hand, but it is rapidly withdrawn—a viper's head had darted up from among the moss.

* * * Hunger tortures me, and the water I drink is icy cold; but I am in sunny France—sunny Southern France, and our convent grounds slope to the swift Rhone. We, a knot of happy girls, are talking of our future. I do not look so far as they; my eye is following the laden grape-carts as they wind slowly down the opposite hill, and some grape-gatherers are singing in their soft patois, so musical and sweet when draped in poetry. Schiller's "Maria Stuart" rings in my ears, mixed with the murmur of the Rhine, and I stay my pen to listen to its waters as they leap over Schaffhausen's Falls; the murmur grows louder, the waters are dashing along a mighty flood; they deafen me—they are coming nearer and nearer!—But "Wie die Arbeit, so der Lonn" repeats itself again and again: "As the labor, so the reward." I have labored, and my reward is hunger, cold, a pauper's grave. I will try a little longer. "Appeal to your relatives," I am told each time I ask for help. I did appeal. One sent me five shillings, another sent me two, and told me to make use of my education—that would find me bread. I dropped the seven shillings into the poor-box last Sunday when I dragged myself to church. I could not buy bread with anything so grudgingly given. The four walls of my desolate room close around me, the roar of the cataract of the Rhine comes nearer, but a voice from its din of waters says: "The greatest of these is charity." Have I lived in vain? Shall I die in vain?

Down a Pit.

Frank Mayer, a miner, walked into an abandoned shaft near Chestnut Hills, Pa., and fell to the bottom, a distance of over 100 feet. When he returned to consciousness he found himself encompassed by the carcasses of horses, cows, pigs, and goats that had blundered into the shaft at various times; and the horrid hissing of snakes that crawled about him warned him that although he had escaped death by his fall he was in danger of a more painful and lingering death by the slow poison of venemous reptiles. All that terrible night he lay quietly at the bottom of the shaft. The next morning he made an attempt to climb out, but soon discovered that all human efforts would be futile. He then sought to attract the attention of the people in the upper world, but as the shaft is a hundred yards from the public road it was several hours before his cries were heard. Ropes were brought, and a dozen strong men with willing hands soon had the sufferer out of the pit. Physicians examined him, but found no bones broken and hardly a bruise.

A SPEEDY MARRIAGE.

A Plainsman Woos a Detroit Waiter Girl, and Quickly Wins Her.

Four years ago a bright, intelligent, but not pretty-looking young miss, left a homeless and penniless orphan by the death of her father, came to this city, says a Detroit paper, and procured employment as a waiter girl at a well-known second-class hotel, making her home with a family—fifth cousins, or something of that sort, then residing on Second street. One day, at dinner time, there strode into the dining-room a tall, broad-shouldered, bronzed and bearded man, who was evidently from the far West. There was the unmistakable air of a plainsman about him; evidently one of the better sort. He seated himself at the table served by the girl in question, and watched her movements very closely. At supper on the second day after his arrival he remained at table until it was nearly deserted, and then as he was about rising he addressed the girl in courteous tones, saying that he desired an interview with her, as he had information of importance to communicate. She replied that she would see him in the ladies' parlor at a late hour. She did so, and was not a little surprised at receiving an offer of marriage. He stated that he was a resident of the grazing districts of California, owned a large stock ranch, and was a wealthy man. He had been out there thirteen years, during which time he had mined, prospected for rich diggings, hunted grizzlies, fought Indians, chased greasers, and pursued the usual avocations of an enterprising Californian. He was on his way east to visit his aged parents, who resided in Massachusetts, had stopped in Detroit to see the city, had met her as above described, was pleased with her appearance, and thought it would be for her advantage to quit her present employment and become the wife of a ranchman.

There was an honesty and sincerity in the man's voice as he made his declaration that convinced the girl that he was in earnest. She replied that she would consider his proposition and give him an answer at the breakfast table. During the night she thought the matter over seriously, and when in the morning she took her eccentric lover's order, and he asked in a low tone, "Are you going to California?" she replied "Yes," and then went for beefsteak and potatoes. That was the extent of the courtship.

As soon as the hungry guest had departed from the dining-room, she repaired to the parlor, where the lover was anxiously awaiting her. By his directions she informed the head waiter that she should not work any longer, donned her hat and shawl, and the two started out shopping. Dresses were ordered of nearly all the fashionable modistes in the city, the same to be completed within twenty-four hours. Hats were similarly ordered, and then the retail dealers in all manner of small wearing apparel were visited and large purchases made, the last one being two large Saratoga trunks. The next afternoon the pair were married at the residence of a clergyman, made a call on the bride's humble friends on Second street, and left for the East by the evening train.

Of course the few acquaintances of the bride who were aware of the circumstances of her marriage were all positive that she had acted rashly, and predicted all manner of troubles and trials for her. From the hour of her departure, however, none of them have ever heard a word from her; but from the fact that the happiest-looking wife and mother to be seen riding about the city the other day, a curly-headed boy in her arms, and the gentleman who "told her something to her advantage" by her side, was the waiter girl who "married in haste," but did not repent at leisure, it may safely be assured that the predictions did not come true.

The St. Petersburg Police.

Letters from St. Petersburg, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, speak of a remarkable feat of determination on the part of General Trepoff, the head of the St. Petersburg police, who had given in earlier life extraordinary proofs of personal courage. A fearful double murder was recently committed at the Military Academy of the city by a policeman, who, being attached to the female servant of the doctor of the establishment, fancied he had cause to suspect her of infidelity. Having entered the doctor's quarters to upbraid her, he ended by taking up a carving-knife and killing the unfortunate woman on the spot, and then slaying the doctor himself with it in his study. Here he locked himself in with the instrument of his crime, and vowed he would despatch the first man with it, who attempted to arrest him. The police summoned to the spot were awed by his apparent determination, while some proposed to shoot him as a wild beast, and a party went in search of a fire engine with a view to drench him into surrender. A report of the occurrence reached General Trepoff. Springing into the droschky which is kept ready for emergencies, the General was on the scene in a few minutes. He ordered the door to be burst open, and then entered unarmed. As he expected, the murderer retreated into a corner prepared to sell his life dearly. The General approached him unhesitatingly, with the words, "Well, my friend, you have committed a pretty pair of murders, and I hear that you are going to stick any one who tries to take you. Now stick me: for I came on purpose to take you myself." The wretched man was so awed by the quiet and authoritative manner of his former superior that he lowered his weapon and made no reply to the challenge, and two of the police officers who had followed General Trepoff sprang on him, and secured him without further resistance. It is not surprising that the St. Petersburg police, in relating the story, declare their chief to be the bravest man in Russia.

The Disease of the Day.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: Paralysis is becoming a prime disease. It is not confined to the fleshy, the plethoric, nor to the aged. The fast life of our business young men tells on them. It is a very common thing to see men of thirty and thirty-five bald-headed, feeble-gaited, and walking about with canes, their underpinning knocked out, with other signs of premature age. These signs of early weakness develop in paralysis. Sudden deaths from this cause are very common. Several have occurred in railroad trains; the vibration seeming to predispose persons to the disease. Not long since a gentleman died in one of our churches. He was interested in a case of discipline. He made a report to the church on the case, sat down, laid his head on the back of the seat and instantly expired. In another case a man not accustomed to public speaking arose to relate his religious experience. He was so excited that he could scarcely speak. In the midst of his remarks he was seized with paralysis, and carried to his home. Our young men will have to tone down their style of living if they amount to anything.

ECONOMY FOR THE WINTER.

How It is Sometimes Carried Out—A Hint.

The end of September a year ago, says the New York *Tribune*, inaugurated one of the most curious reforms which ever took place in our social history—a reform based at first on neither a reason nor a principle. Every man began to economize before he felt any lack of money; not because he held economy to be a virtue, but because he doubted his neighbor's financial credit, just as now he does his religion, and for no better cause. Not knowing what business or speculation to trust, he resolved to button up whatever money he might have in his pocket, and by all means possible to keep it there. Economy was for a while literally the fashion; it was the proper thing to have invested in Northern Pacific, and to find it expedient to contract." Now, when the general distrust and contraction have made the evil a reality, and economy is a necessity, we do not practice it with such complacency and airy grace

Just at present, when the summer holiday is over and the heads of the firm or family are planning the winter's campaign, is the time which they take to decide how and where the pinch and tightening shall be made. In most cases the object is to make it, not where it shall be least felt, but where the next door neighbor shall not find it out. Brown, finding his shelves full of goods which sell too slowly for his needs, retains his ornamental platoon of salesmen, but docks the number and pay of his hands who work out of sight. His wife cuts down the wages of her seamstress, dickers with the washerwoman over every week's bill, but drives as usual in the park behind her blooded bays and liveried footmen. The same system of petty scrimping and ill-judged expenditure runs into every class and grade. The master carpenter's wife, pronounced among her neighbors as a generous housekeeper and (on the basis of her dress and parlor furniture) "a perfect lady," finding her allowance cut down one-half, turns off the poor woman who has sewed for her, and buys her under-wear ready made, saving enough in this way to treat herself to a Parisian winter dress, a mass of coarse cloth, gaping stitches, and tawdry bead-work.

The sewing woman in her turn is driven to these ready-made clothing shops, and will make for the rest of the winter calico wrappers at twenty-five cents each, and other garments in the same proportion. The female employees of the mills recently closed or running on half-time crowd the doors where this work is given out, glad of this poor chance to escape starvation. The other chance which offers itself to both sewing woman and mill-hand, decent, faithful domestic service, they turn from as involving a loss of caste. The cook or chambermaid at Brown's, or even the carpenter's house, is paid at nearly double the rates of "saleslades" in the smaller shops. The sales lady lodges in a garret and lives on starvation diet, while the cook has at her disposal all the comfort and delicacies which her employer can command for himself. The motive in this madness lies in the much abused name of "lady," and it is this motive which accounts for the hundreds of women driven, by their own showing, to the brothels of New York for bread. This appetite for vulgar display and struggle for sham position, have served social mentors as a never-failing text for years in their crusade against the shortcomings of our half-educated classes. It was apparent enough in the days of lavish expenditure, but it is oddly more noticeable in the recent attempts at economy.

The man who when in Europe flings his money about to the amusement and gain of all shopkeepers, and when at home dares not dispute an extortionate bill for fear of a suspicion of poverty, is the man who in the hard times coming this winter will dock the wages of his workmen to spend the money on opera or ball tickets. Any appeal to him would be wasted. When wealth is held to be the sole qualification in rank or respect, we are not likely willingly to betray our lack of it.

There is a class of rational and cultured men and women whom it may be worth while to remind just now that the saving of money is not sometimes the best humanity or economy. We fail to see the wisdom of discharging workmen or servants whose wages would amount to hundreds during the winter months, and before the winter is over subscribing thousands to benefical societies or soup-houses. Nor is it better policy to deny ourselves suddenly the comforts and luxuries upon the manufacture of which the majority of city operatives depend for their daily bread. These remarks, of course, only apply to the wealthy class; but there are none of us who should not carefully consider how our small surplus funds could be expended in wages rather than in alms.

Number of Types in a Newspaper.

The number of types used in a newspaper the usual size is about 600,000—*i. e.*, the actual number of bits of metal arranged and rearranged in preparing a newspaper for the press. We suppose few people think of the printing trade as one of the most exact and particular of all handicrafts; but it is. In making type, variations that might be allowed in the finest machinery would render the type useless. It is very rarely that type furnished by two separate foundries can be used together without a great deal of trouble, though they try to make it after the same standard. We read once in a while of a wonderful piece of cabinet work, or mosaic work, containing ten, twenty, or fifty thousand pieces, the maker of which has spent months, or even years, of labor in producing it, and people go to see it as a great curiosity; but the most elaborate and carefully fitted piece of work of this kind ever made does not compare with that which the printer does every day for minuteness of detail and accuracy of fitting. The man who does the first is looked upon as an artist—a marvel of skill; and if a hundred of his pieces are put in wrong side up, or turned the wrong way, it is not observed in the general effect; but if the printer, in fitting ten times as many pieces together in a single day, puts one where another should be, or turns one the wrong way, everybody sees it, and is amazed at "the stupid carelessness of these printers."

The Meanest.—The meanest man has been found. His name is Charles Ford, late of Chicago. Ten days ago his poor wife became a mother. Ford drew all his money from the bank and went to St. Paul. Thither, as soon as she was able, Mrs. Ford went also, in order to bring him back to his home and family. She met him in the street, and put into his arms the body of her baby. It had died on the cars. He took it and went with her to his father's house, where the sorrowing wife and mother told the story of her troubles. She turned to speak to him, but he was gone, and has not since been seen. Mrs. Ford will not follow him, but is on her way to join her relatives in New York.

DAN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

The queerest fellow, without exception, in all Wexford, was Daniel Battles.

He was sixteen years of age, yet he had the reputation of possessing as much knowledge about odd and out-of-the-ways things as any ten average lads. He was believed to have an intimate acquaintance with every trout in the streams, and every bird in the woods, and every rabbit in the burrows. He had the largest collection of birds' eggs to be found in the county; and it was reported, and solemnly believed by all the small boys in the neighborhood, that he had a secret understanding with the kingfishers and orioles, by which they agreed to surrender one egg of each litter to him, in consideration of his promise to let all the others alone.

He was always taking up some new idea to work out, and if he did not know all about many things, he really seemed to know a little about every thing. He knew how to print, how to bleed a horse, how to run the telegraph instrument, how to cultivate silk-worms, how to make the most outrageous noises with his hands, how to graft pears, how to write backwards, how to play checkers with his eyes shut, and, in short, he knew how to do nearly every thing that came in his way to learn.

One day the neighboors opened their eyes and pricked up their ears at the news that Dan had taken up photography; not that they were astonished, for they had long ceased to be astonished at anything that Dan did, but they were interested in his enterprise, though regarding it simply as another freak of a curious genius.

"Well, well," said they, shrugging their shoulders, "Dan is an odd stick. It's about time he went into something useful. Photography, eh?"

The report was true. Dan had obtained a camera of good size, and was experimenting with it up in his "den," in one end of his mother's garret.

It would be hard to imagine a more untidy, chaotic-looking place than Dan's "den." It was full of bottles, old cloths, jars, bits of machinery, musical instruments, carpenter's tools, old maps, torn pictures, pots of paint and chemicals, fragments of old machines, stuffed birds, etc.; and it smelled so fearfully that no one but Dan could ever stay in it long enough to make an inventory of the contents.

Dan was as odd-looking a character as one would be likely to see in a year's travel. He was thin and lank in the body and legs. His head was large, and he had light blue eyes, and long, whitish hair, which he rarely combed, and which straggled about all over his head, as if the rats had made nests in it the last time he slept.

He was not much of a talker. He generally kept silent and stared. Nobody knew what an amount of thinking he did meanwhile, and in fact, many who laughed at his "greenness" had to confess afterwards that he not only saw all things that was going on, but knew more about what he saw than the smartest of them.

Dan went on with his photographing for several weeks. He learned to take very good pictures, but he was far from satisfied. He grew thoughtful and almost melancholy. His fingers were always stained black and brown with acids that he could not wash off, and his clothing always gave out the peculiar scent of "collodion."

Dan's mother began really to be anxious. The boy was growing up a loose Jack-at-all-trades, but without any particular turn for one profitable calling. It was necessary that he should begin to earn money pretty soon, and she was anxious that he should choose some single business and stick to it. She took the boy in hand and expostulated with him. Dan looked distressed.

"I'm trying to do something, mother. I'm just getting hold of it now, I guess. I only want a little more time."

This was about as long a speech as Dan was in the habit of making at one time. His mother was pacified, and for the present, let him alone.

Two or three more weeks slipped by. Dan made pictures of everybody he could get before his camera. He photographed the cat and her kittens. He photographed his "den" and all its miscellaneous trumpery. He photographed the boys in the street, and he photographed buildings, fences and trees.

Still he did not succeed to his mind. His pictures lacked the peculiar shading of "tone" that he wanted. His dream was to achieve this, which he believed would not only make them very beautiful, but give him a large profitable custom.

He labored incessantly, now trying this plan, and now trying that, but without any perfect result.

In the course of his experiments out of his garret window, Dan made street pictures of people both near and remote, in divers attitudes, and at nearly all hours of the day. Dan took them in single figures and in groups; he took them looking up and looking down; making jestures or sitting still; he took them as they stood in windows, and as they walked below him, or rode past in carriages. Many of the photographs were clear and good, but still the subtile finish was wanting. Dan could not realize his dream.

Finally his mother begged him to stop his amusement (as she called it), and go into a store, or some business where he might support himself.

Dan shook his head.

"Can't, mother."

"But, Dan, I can't afford to give much more money for the acids you want."

"Ah!" said Dan. He shook his head once more, and looked very dejected.

He was at his wits' end. He believed he was on the very verge of an important discovery. He only wanted a *little* more time and a *little* more money. Where should the money come from?

This was a trying question. He could not imagine that any one would ever loan him enough cash to carry out his projects, and he did not seem to think of any way to earn a sufficient sum. He went up to his "den," and sat down in the midst of his bottles and rubbish, feeling uncommonly blue. There was his camera upon its three long legs, with its black muffler drawn carefully over it, and with its brass nose pointed out into the cold air.

The boy's thoughts pointed the same way. He must go out in the cold and find something to do, or some day he might have to stay out in the cold. He descended into the street, and wandered about the town, moody and distressed.

About this time a trial was in progress at the court. A man was charged with passing a forged check at the bank. The teller who paid the money fully identified the prisoner, described his movements, and related what was said between them at the time with the greatest minuteness.

On the other hand, the accused indignantly denied the charge, and protested that he was not in or near the bank at the time alleged, but in the office of a friend on B. street. He remembered his whereabouts, for his arrest was not so long after the presentation of the check but that all his movements on that day remained distinctly in his mind. From the first he had continued to assert his innocence, and declared that the teller had mistaken him for some other man.

Unfortunately for him, he was obliged to admit that he was alone in his friend's office at the hour in question, and he failed to produce any witness besides himself to prove definitely where he was, though he had made every effort to do so. It was a question of veracity, man against man, but the clear and very positive statement of the teller against the accused, and the possibility of some motive presumed to exist in the man's financial circumstances, had decided the bank directors, considering the interests at

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Oct. 22, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*
Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

Democratic Nominations.

For Supreme Judge,
HON, WARREN J. WOODWARD, of Berks.

For Additional Law Judge,
JOHN H. ORVIS.

For Lieutenant Governor,
HON. JOHN LATTA, of Westmoreland.

For Auditor General,
HON. JUSTUS F. TEMPLE, of Greene

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
GEN. WILLIAM M'CANDLESS, of Philadelphia.

For Congress,
L. A. MACKEY.

For State Senator,
WM. A. WALLACE.

ASSEMBLY,
S. T. Shugert, Bellefonte,
S. S. Wolf, Potter.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
J. L. Spangler, Bellefonte.

COMMISSIONER,
J. Newlin Hall, Howard.

CO. SURVEYOR,
William P. Mitchell.

AUDITOR,
Adam Yearick, Marion.

The ring is opposed to Wallace and Mackey. The people are for these two men, they always stood on the side of the people. Election Nov. 3. Honest men, vote for honest men, like Wallace and Mackey.

If the reforms under the new Constitution are to be kept up, and carried to their end, then such champions of reform and pure government, like Wm. A. Wallace, must be returned to the state senate.

We are proud to say, that the rad organs have failed to find anything against that noble man, L. A. Mackey, the people's choice for Congress. Seldom do we find a public man with so pure a character, and who has done so much good for his neighbors and fellow men. The people will not forget Col. Mackey, for his good deeds, on election day, Nov. 3, and will then tell by their votes that they love their friend.

Well, Indiana and Ohio, the great states of the west, spoke on Tuesday of last week. Both give large democratic majorities and show a gain of twelve democratic congressmen. The people sigh for a change, and the corruptions in high places have become so intolerable, that the people see it is time to root it out. Let all honest men crow over the glorious result in the states of Ohio and Indiana.

The Osceola Reveille, herstofore an independent paper, goes in favor of Wallace, because he is the peoples' choice. The Reveille says:

"Not because he is a democrat; not that he by any means desires the position; but from the simple fact, that he is a man of the people and for the people; strictly honest, possessing unusual capabilities, influential, energetic, untiring in perseverance, and in all respects fully competent and abundantly qualified to ably and faithfully represent his constituents and guard the rights and interests of the Commonwealth."

That's it, Wallace is the peoples' man. Let the people bear this in mind on Nov. 3—election day.

The democratic papers are congratulating themselves and party over the fact that, under the new constitution of the State, the Pennsylvania election does not now take place until November. It is a matter of little consequence. October, Ohio acting as substitute, will pronounce the doom of the party with equal emphasis and justice.—*Clinton Republican.*

Well now, neighbor, what do you think of Ohio as a substitute, eh?

Wm. A. Wallace, the pure legislator, who battled twelve years in the senate against corruption and monopoly, and the author of our most wholesome laws for the farmer and working classes. Vote for your steadfast friend, Wallace, for senator, on Nov. 3rd.

Mr. Wallace will speak at Centre Hall, Monday eve., Oct 26, and at Pine Grove, Tuesday eve., Oct. 27th. Go and hear the great Pennsylvanian.

Southern papers express themselves confident that there will be great Democratic gains in those States, at the ensuing elections. Should such be the case, it will result solely as a consequence of the widespread intimidation and violence to which the colored voters of the South have been subjected—and the plain duty of Northern Republicans is to offset those expected gains by greatly increased majorities in their own Commonwealth.—*Clinton Republican.*

Yes, that will do to let yourselves down on when the southern states speak out against carpet-bag rule and wholesale radical plundering, but pray, how do you account for your defeat in Ohio and Indiana where there was no "intimidation of colored voters?

Caved In

The Tuten sheet had the talk knocked out of it by the Reporter, in its silly cry of "banker" against L. A. Mackey, and now in its last week's paper it admits that he is not a money shaver and deals honestly, but says other bankers do it. Yes, we know, and Mr. Mackey is not responsible for such, but is deserving all the more honor and esteem because he has resisted the temptations to be dishonest. This is just what the Reporter praises him for, and accounts for his being the favorite of the people. So we stopped the Republicau's mouth on that.

The Tuten institution thinks people need not vote for Wolf because he did not serve in the army long enough to suit them. Well, John Boochooozer didn't go at all. Which had the greater courage and patriotism?

Whom to Vote For.

In these days when corruption among men in public stations is the rule, honest citizens will not be bound by party ties to vote for nominees *because* they belong to a certain party, when such candidates are of doubtful character. Honest men is the demand of the citizen above party considerations. We call this disposition a healthy one, and the foreboding of pure politics Having in view a reform in men in high places and the selection of men of known integrity, the democrats in their recent nominations came up to this demand of honest democrats and republicans, and nominated L. A. Mackey for Congress, Wm. A. Wallace for state Senator and John H. Orvis for Assistant Law Judge. These gentlemen are known, each one of them personally or by reputation to every voter in the district. It is admitted that they possess eminent abilities. It is known that they have served the public and that they have proven faithful in whatever position placed. It is admitted that they are gentlemen of spotless private character, and that in all their private relations with their fellow men, their conduct has been such as to gain for them the unlimited confidence and respect of all.

These then are the men we ask all to vote for who desire pure government, honest legislation, servants who will sacredly guard the public interests.

L. A. Mackey will never be caught in Credit Mobiliers, Salary Grabs, Landgrabs, and corrupt jobs.

Wm. A. Wallace will be found, as heretofore in the senate, battling against corruption, monopolies, and a leader in the great reforms that are to take place under the new Constitution. His absence from the Senate at this period would be a public calamity. Hence he is the person every honest man should vote for.

Judge Orvis is so well known for his legal attainments, his efficiency as a judge, and incorruptible nature, that no good citizen can consistently vote against him. He has proven his devotion to the public as a legislator, and his uprightness as a judge.

What excuse then can there be for any one, in voting against men like these? With such material placed upon a ticket, it is easily told, Whom to vote for. Honest men be consistent, and do your duty on the 3rd of November.

The Reporter always speaks the truth, and the Bellefonte Republican knows it, yet it has the impudence to deny that the Texas Pacific R. R., of which Wm. A. Wallace is Vice Pres't, is endorsed by the Grangers of that state, because it will compete with other monopolies and make freight charges lower for the farmer and shipper. Now to show that the Tuten paper is denying what is true, we copy below the circular of the Texas State Grange:

The Patrons of Husbandry and the Texas Pacific Railroad.

Texas State Grange P. of H. Executive Committee Room, Calvert, Texas, July 16th, 1874.

TO THE ORDER OF PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY—The early completion of the Texas Pacific Railroad, being of vital importance to the rapid and complete development of this State, as well as the great country west of us, it is very desirable that it should receive additional assistance from the General Government. Besides this, another line of railroad would facilitate communication with, and reduce rates of fare to and from the Pacific. This would benefit the whole country, and particularly the South. The Northern and Central lines, having been more liberally assisted, it would seem but common justice—to say nothing of policy—that this, the most favorably located line, should be substantially and promptly fostered and encouraged under properly guarded restrictions, and most certainly when less is asked on better security.

In view of these facts, the Executive Committee of the Texas State Grange deem it important that they should ask the co-operation of the various State Granges in presenting such a memorial to Congress at its ensuing session, as will secure favorable consideration and prompt action.

As no proposed line of transportation, now being built, is of more importance in developing the resources of the country, they most respectfully submit that this effort to secure the advantages already enjoyed by other sections, is an appropriate matter for joint action, and is urged upon the early attention of the Brotherhood.

WM. W. LANG, Chairman.
N. A. Thomson, A. B. Kerr, W. Warren, W. P. Townsend, *Executive Committee of the Texas State Grange.*

This is to certify that the above Circular of the Executive Committee was unanimously endorsed by the Texas State Grange at its Annual Session, held in the City of Waco, Texas, August 18th, 1874.
R. A. BROOKS, Wm. W. LANG,
Sec. T. S. G. Master T. S. G.

If John Boozer is elected to the Legislature, he will vote as he did last winter—against reform. This is not what the people of Centre county desire. If Mr. Shugert and Mr. Wolf are elected they will favor every measure that looks to the correction of abuses as they were both warm supporters of the new Constitution, while John Boozer fought it to the bitter end, and even misrepresented it in order to make it distasteful to voters. The good people of Centre county cast a large majority in favor of the new Constitution, and to elect an enemy of that instrument to the legislature, would be taking the back track and the grosest inconsistency. Show by your votes in favor of Shugert and Wolf, that you were in earnest then, and mean the same thing now.

The Republican conferees met at Bellefonte on Wednesday, 14, and nominated J. B. M'Enally, of Clearfield, for Assistant Law Judge and E. P. M'Cormick, of Lock Haven, for Senator. They made no nomination for Congress, seeing it was useless against such a gentleman as the democratic nominee, L. A. Mackey, the people's choice.

The result of the recent elections in Ohio, Indiana and Arkansas, is proof positive that the democratic party is not dead, as the rads pronounced it so often. Ohio with 25,000 majority, Indiana with 20,000 majority, will convince even the most stupid radical that the democratic party is not only not dead, but that it can not be killed. Now democrats of Pennsylvania, let the 3rd of November tell that we are not only alive, but in the best of health.

Who Is to Blame?

The radical party has been in power twelve years, without interruption; it had every department of the government, legislative, executive and judicial under its complete control—it held the purse an t sword—and yet its promises have not been redeemed; nobody's except the negro's and the speculator's interests, have been advanced; the country has been rocked by panics disturbed by strikes of the suffering laboring men, and the gloom of stagnation in every branch of industry is haunting the mill owner, farmer and mechanic; soup houses had to be established in all the large cities to keep discharged workingmen with their wives and little ones from starving. Were we not promised better things, a far more prosperous state of affairs, as a reward for putting the democrats out of power and the radicals in? Yes we were; the promises were as fat as those of the hard cider campaign in 1840, when the working man was promised "Two dollars per day and good roast beef," if he helped to put old "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" in power.

The radicals can not charge that the democrats hindered them in doing good for the country; no, for the rads managed to have a two-thirds majority in congress all the time, and were thus enabled to do just as they pleased—and they did do just as they pleased; it pleased them to squander millions of money by Credit Mobilier arrangements; it pleased them to squander and pocket the people's monies by a scandalous salary grab; it pleased them to squander all the valuable public lands among corporations and land sharks—the congressmen themselves being members of those corporations, and receiving their "divy" from the land grabbers. These are a sample of the thousand schemes of plunder which make up the history of radical rule in twelve years to the neglect of the interests of the country, and as a necessary consequence we have hard times, scarcity of money, strikes, panics, financial disturbances, and general ruin of the various industries of the country.

The radical party is to blame; it made promises and had the power to fulfill those promises—this is undeniable—and failed.

Now had we not better vote for a change? Had we not better try another set of men? Surely we had, all honest and sensible men will say so. Then vote for L. A. Mackey, for congress—he is for a change. Vote for Wm. A. Wallace, he is one of the champions of reform. If the rads did not fulfill their promises—and the sad condition of the country is the best proof that they did not—then put them out, and let a different set of men try to help us out. Ohio, Indiana, and other states, have lately said they will try other men. Let Pennsylvania on the 3rd of November second the motion.

C. T. Alexander, on Friday evening, 16th, said publicly in Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall, that "he did not like the idea of having republicans vote for him," and yet he has since come out as an independent candidate, expecting now to receive republican support.

Down with the Salary Grabbers!

When C. T. Alexander represented our county in the legislature, an extra session was held. For that special session they voted themselves an additional salary of $300. Although Mr. Alexander never showed his face in Harrisburg, the books of the State Treasurer show that he received his $300. Surely Mr. A. ought to take the stand. The people are not in a mood at present to be lenient to salary-grabbers; they have plenty of men of that character in Washington now, whom they are disposed to retire, and not to recruit their ranks with men who have proven themselves such wonderful adepts in a smaller arena. "All pay and no work" is no motto for hard times. We would rather contract for our legislation on the cooperative plan—large sales and small profits.

The Reading railroad company's shops will be closed hereafter until further orders. The employees will work eight hours a day and only five days each week. These are the good times promised by the rads. Ohio and Indiana last week spoke in unmistakable terms against the present state of affairs; we must have a change. People of Centre, on 3rd of November it is for you to speak.

Since the rads rule the number of employees about the senate and house at Harrisburg has been doubled, and they have refused to reduce the number of idlers. Vote for Shugert and Wolf, and if there is a democratic majority next winter, we will guarantee a reduction of the number of buzzards that feed at the capitol.

Speaking of the congressional contest, the Lock Haven Republican says "all is not lovely in the democratic camp." Well, just wait until after the 3rd of November, and we will show you that all the boys were hanging around Mackey, and that you will be found in the role as an old maid with nobody to hug you.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

"DANGER AHEAD!"—The Democrats of Centre county had better be on their guard. There are influences at work among them that are undermining their power and seeking their discomfiture. The disaffected are brewing our camp in a disgrace that is impenetrable only to those who are willfully blind. We caution our friends *not to sleep upon their posts.* The local leaders of the Republican party here are already rubbing their hands in gleeful anticipation of future triumph, and are working hardto secure such a result. A Democratic gate has been unwittingly left open, and, through this, the enemy are seeking to effect an entrance into our citadel. A sentry has been asleep somewhere, and his lack of vigilance is fraught with danger to our forces.

"We mean by the above more, perhaps, than we say. Let those who are wise, take warning. We do not want to explain now, nor would it be politic to do so. But there is danger ahead, and the scent of it is in the breeze. Wise and cautious leaders will look well to their organization."—*Democratic Watchman, Jan.* 2, 1874.

The above article appeared in the Watchman, on the 2d of January last. At that time we read and re-read it but were unable to understand its mystical language and its ominous forebodings; but now the clouds have vanished, and the whole conspiracy is revealed We see now why the "local leaders of the Republican party were rubbing their hands in gleeful anticipation," and that they have indeed worked hard to secure a future triumph. Who can deny that it required hard work to alienate such a man as C. T. Alexander from the Democratic party,—the party in which are all his friends, both political and personal,—the party which has frequently supported and elected him to office, and but yesterday, as it were, named him as their unanimous choice for official station,—the party to whom he owes all that he is both political and professional?—What superhuman efforts must it have taken to draw him away from the old faith, and cause him to wander after strange gods, to seek refuge among his life-long enemies? How shall we account for it? it almost baffles conception. Had any one man predicted such a result thirty days ago, that man would have been cast in the county but would have given him the lie direct, and felt like "shooting him on the spot." But we must not forget first principles,—those teachings which have stood the test of centuries only to become more firm, and immutable,—and those principles of honesty and honor which invariably corrupt good manners. For the past month,—and even longer for aught we know,—he has been intimately associated and in close counsel with the would-be leading republicans of the county, Durkin Gray, Chairman of the Republican Committee, and the defeated candidate for District Attorney, Dan'l Hastings, nominal principal of the Bellefonte Public Schools but actual editor of the Tuten Republican, Jno. T. Johnston, post-master, Jas. H. Rankin, James P. Coburn, these men have been his chosen friends and advisers, which will prove him to be a man who has many elements of strength; Mr. Alexander has few or none. Mr. Mackey will poll the full Democratic vote in every county, save, perhaps, some 50 or 100 in our own; Mr. Alexander cannot command one half the Republican vote anywhere. Surely there is no cause for discouragement; but every Democrat and every man of principle should resolve to do all in his power to secure the triumph of honesty and integrity, and the discomfiture of traitors and chronic politicians.

☞It seems a little queer just now that Cyse Alexander was trying to bargain with Andy Reed WHO IS PRESIDENT OF A NATIONAL BANK!! In the stereotype language of Bill Brown, "Explain," Cyse "Explain," or Tutens explain.

BAH, SHAME, the Bellefonte Republican this week has not got the letter of Moore, Simpson & Co. exploding their slanders against Mackey. Cowards!

——The meeting at Milheim on Monday evening was a grand success. Mackey, Peale, and others spoke. At the close a delegation of honest republicans called upon Col. Mackey and, declared their intention of voting for him. The lower end is a unit

Friends of the new Constitution, remember, that every candidate on the Republican State and County tickets opposed the adoption of the new instrument, whilst every nominee of the Democracy voted for and worked for it. If you desire its wise provisions maintained inviolate, vote for its friends.

It appears from a report of the National Grange at Washington, recently issued, that on the 1st of October there were 20,800 subordinate Granges in the United States. There were 369 in Pennsylvania and 80 in New Jersey. The order appears to be in a very flourishing condition, but is more prosperous in the Mississippi valley than any other part of the United States.

The Congressional elections in Ohio and Indiana overthrow the Radical two-thirds majority in the House Pretty good that for a commencement.

"Let any intelligent man," says the Memphis Appeal ,"no matter what state he hails from, or what his politics, compare the conbition of Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, Missouri, Kentucky, with South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas. Read their history for the past eight years and then say which party most nearly carries out its profession of devotion to law, order and honesty in public administration.

☞Election, Tuesday, Nov. 3rd

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

OHIO.

A MAGNIFICENT VICTORY.
The Democracy Jubilant.

COLUMBUS, October 14.
The Democratic majority in Ohio is from ten to fifteen thousand. We elect certainly twelve Congressmen with a strong hope of two more.

INDIANA.

THE DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT.
RING RULE REPUDIATED.
A Gain of Four Congressmen.

Indianapolis, October 14.—Further returns show increased Democratic gains on the State ticket. Indications are now that the Democratic majority in the State will reach from 15,000 to 20,000. Later returns place the election of Hunter in the Eighth and Calkens in the Tenth Districts in doubt, and the delegation will stand 9 Democrats to 4 Republicans.

LARGEST VOTE EVER POLLED IN ARKANSAS—DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY 75,000.

Little Rock, October 15.—The estimated vote of the democrats at the late election is 105,000—the largest ever polled in the state. The constitution and democratic state ticket were carried by 75,000 majority.

The newly-elected Indiana Legislature will stand thus: Senate, twenty-three Democrats, three Independents, and twenty-four Republicans; House, fifty-two Democrats, eleven Independents, and thirty-seven Republicans.

IOWA

The Secretary of the Iowa Republican State Central Committee says ninety-two counties (reported) give gains over the Republican vote of last year of over 6,000. The Republican majority on the Secretary of State will be about 40,000. The indications are now that all the nine Republican candidates for Congress will be elected.

DACOTA.

Yankton, Dak., October 14.—The returns of the election yesterday thus far received give Kidder, Republican, for delegate to Congress, 1,411 majority.

The Legislature will be Republican in both branches.

NEBRASKA.

Omaha, Neb., October 14.—The election returns to-day show that the approximations of last night were about correct. The State gives fully 10,000 Republican majority.

The Irishman's Flea

"When you want to put your finger on him, he is not thar."

C. T. ALLEXANDER IS AND HE ISN'T.

Sept. 23. C. T. Alexander is pronounced an independent candidate for congress.

Sept. 28. He is having the matter under consideration.

Sept. 30. He is an independent candidate for congress.

Oct. 1. He is listening to radicals about being an independent candidate for congress, and is considering over the matter, as they promise to vote for him in order to defeat Mackey.

Oct. 4, Sunday. He is an independent candidate for congress, elated by promised radical and Modoc support.

Oct. 7. He has not yet made up his mind.

Oct. 8. He is an independent candidate.

Oct. 9. He again takes the matter into consideration.

Oct. 11, Sunday. Concludes to send out a paper for signitures asking him to be an independent candidate for congress.

Oct. 12. The dove returns with a leaf in its mouth, on it a few signitures begging him to be an independent candidate for congress. And Cyse wept. Half an hour later and he is an independent candidate for congress, the rads pressed it on him.

Oct. 13. He is having the matter under consideration.

Oct. 14. Ditto.

Oct. 15. Ditto.

Oct. 16. He is an independent candidate, and starts to Mifflin county to look after the prospects.

Oct. 17. Returns from Mifflin county, with poor encouragement, stops at Centre Hall on his return, and publicly denounces the idea of his being an independent candidate for congress.

Oct. 20, a. m. A letter from his law partner to the Reporter announces that Mr. Alexander has concluded not to run independent. 1 p. m. He has the matter under consideration, the rads press him on all sides. 3 p. m. Can't resist the rad and sorehead pressure and is a candidate. 5 p. m. Has circulars put in type in Brown's Republican office announcing his independent candidature.

Oct. 23.——————
Oct. 24.——————to
Nov. 2——————

Nov. 3.—The worst beat candidate you ever saw—and the flea is nowhere.

Pennsylvania has 165 blast furnaces, 130 rolling mills, 16 rail mills, 18 steel works, 13 bloomeries. All the other states put together do not contain that number.

The annexation of the Fiji Islands to the British Empire is an accomplished fact.

VALUE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The Rev. William Everett of Cambridge, Mass., preached at the church of the Messiah, at Thirty-fourth-st. and Park-ave., on the value of the Christian religion. The text of the discourse was taken from the 24th verse of the 5th chapter of Deuteronomy: "We have seen this day that God doth talk with man and he liveth."

The question is often raised, the preacher said, why so little permanent interest is shown in religious matters. The thought of the comparative merits of religious and secular works, of the money and energy spent in churches compared with similar energy devoted to other causes, makes people lament that religion attracts so few. The number, though, of those who wage open war against religion is very small. It is when Christ calls upon people to be devout rather than respectful, that the coldness is shown. This feeling finds its expression most in the reluctancy of young men to join the ministry, and comes of the idea that Christ is a hard master, whose disciples must not stray away from their prescribed narrow limits. Christ's principle, however, was to give men life and to give it more abundantly—and he who leads a Christian life gets more of life than any one else. The consciousness of living, the consciousness of holding a place among men, is a mighty force which gives reality to life and helps men to bear their many burdens "Happiness is a conscious activity of the soul in her best element, and perfect life." But how seldom can the soul find a perfect life. Men sometimes intentionally throw away a part of their lives. They may throw away their powers, they may use them too soon, or they may devote their energies in one or two special directions, living a half-life.

Of those who start in life intending to use their powers to the best advantage, many are stopped midway. They have ambitions that cannot be attained, tastes that cannot be cultivated, powers that cannot be developed. Their powers and means are absorbed by one thing or another, and when the time comes when their favorite pursuits may be followed, their energies are gone and their powers are embarrassed, so that what might have been a reality becomes a dream. It is to these who have been obliged to suffer compromises and abandonment of their hopes that religion should be offered. An active sense of religion makes life stronger by presenting a definite object of action. There are many callings in life which are not worthy of being slighted, and their attainment has controlled and will control the designs of men. For a judicious choice or a reasonable adoption, some higher motive is needed to take precedence of these ends; and religion it is which gives this motive by pointing to God's kingdom and the attainment of His will.

Religion is not less useful in determining what course of action to pursue in the midst of life's perplexities. "What shall I do now?" is the cry that is heard every day from men who have clung to some special object. The very objects chosen must bring men to points where they become bewildered. Here, religion is a safe guide. It may call for hard fighting, but it bears man on, mercilessly leading away from the haunts of vice, and proving at last to the complete satisfaction of heart and brain that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Men often complain that religion forbids the gratification of many tastes that appeal most strongly to human instincts. It is true that Christ denies the use in excess of much that the world allows to be proper; but the Christian religion kills the very desire for these things. Nothing short of religion and devout submission to it can positively break the illusion of vice.

Religion makes life fuller and more worth having by relieving men from the doubt of attaining their chosen objects. If God's supremacy is not owned, man's designs or blind fortune is all that can be depended upon; and what right has any one to say that he shall succeed rather than his neighbor. He who has chosen God for his own and knows Him in His real character, and who has no cause but that of virtue and Christ, knows that he will succeed. He knows that his cause includes all the forces that are engaged in every other life, and they will insure the triumph of his cause over every other. All specious arguments have failed to reconcile man to the killing of his individual soul, and man must cling to some life which will preserve him to himself. The Christian knows that he is God's own, and that he will not be forgotten. It is the crowning glory of the Christian religion that its promises are not only to those who toil on to the end, but also to those whose lives seem to be a series of stumbles and failures. No religion has had such care of the believer's deficiencies, none has so made the weak life strong. It may be new to many to look at Christianity in this light, and they may ask with some incredulity if all this is true, and if the Christian religion means forgiveness and salvation to all who will but take up the cross. The all-sufficient hope is in the example of the founder of the Christian religion. Jesus lived in penury, and died, as men think, ignominiously; and now the carpenter's son is Lord in the World. In every country, the day when He shall come in His glory is expected by millions of His faithful servants, who are filled with the same energy that nerved Him for his work; and they feel, "Because He lived, I shall live also."

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I. B. F. SHAFFER, High Sheriff of Centre county, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said county of Centre on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, 1874,

in accordance with the Act of Assembly:

Two persons for the office of Judges of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for the office of Lieutenant Governor of the State of Penn'a.

One person for the office of Auditor General of the State of Penn'a.

One person for the office of Secretary of Internal affairs of the State of Penn'a.

One person as Assistant Law Judge for the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield.

One person to represent the counties of Centre, Clinton, Clearfield, Elk, Mifflin and Union in the Congress of the United States.

One person to represent the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield in the Senate of Penn'a.

Two persons to represent the county of Centre in the House of Representatives of the State of Penn'a.

One person for the office of Commissioner of Centre county.

One person for the office of District Attorney for Centre county.

One person for County Surveyor for Centre county.

One person for Auditor of the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and Townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the twp. of Haines, at the Public House of John Limbert Aaronsburg.

For the twp. of Half Moon, at the School House in Stormstown.

For the twp. of Taylor, at the house erected for the purpose on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the Township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the twp. of Potter at the house of John Odenkirk, Old Fort Hotel.

For the twp. of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B Fisher.

For the twp. of Ferguson, in the school house at Fine Grove.

For the twp. of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the twp. of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For the twp. of Walker, in the school house at Hublersburg.

For the borough and township of Howard at the school house in said borough.

For the twp. of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the twp. of Snow Shoe, at the school house near Samuel Askey.

For the twp. of Marion, at the house of Joel Kline, in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, at the new school house in Milesburg.

For the twp. of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the twp. of Histon, at the house of John Reed.

For the twp. of Penn, at the house of W L Musser.

For the twp. of Liberty, in the school house at Eagleville.

For the twp. of Worth, at the school house in Port Matilda.

For the twp. of Burnside, at the house late of J K Book.

For the twp. of Curtin, at the school house near Robt. Manns.

For the borough of Unionville and Union twp, at the new school house in Unionville.

For the borough of Philipsburg, at the public school house in said borough.

At all elections hereafter held under the laws of this commonwealth the polls shall be opened at seven o'clock a. m., and closed at seven o'clock p. m.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person, excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the legislative, executive, or judiciary department of this State, or of the United States, or of any United States, or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

The inspectors and judge of the elections shall meet at the respective places appointed for holding the election in the district to which they respectively belong, before seven o'clock in the morning, and each of said inspectors shall appoint one clerk, who shall be a qualified voter of such district.

At the opening of the polls it shall be the duty of the judges of election for their respective districts to designate one of the inspectors, whose duty it shall be to have in custody the registry of voters, and to make the entries therein required by law, and it shall be the duty of the other of said inspectors to receive and number the ballots presented at said election.

Given under my hand, at my office in Harrisburg, this first day of October A. D. 1874, and in the ninety-ninth year of the independence of the United States.

B. F. SHAFFER, Sheriff.

TALMAGE'S PAPER.

The Christian at Work.
THE BEST RELIGIOUS PAPER.
A CHOICE OF
TWO Beautiful PREMIUMS.
An Illuminated Portfolio of Twelve Gems by Hendschel, each 8¼x10¾ in., or the superb Chromo, "THE TWINS," 22x28 in., after Landseer. Price $3 25, including postage. *No Extras of any kind.* WITHOUT PREMIUM, $3 PER ANNUM.
ATTENTION, AGENTS!
Liberal commissions and exclusive territory. Samples and circulars free. Send Postal Card at once to
HORATIO C. KING, Pub.,
Box 5105, New York.
Oct 22 2t.

Miller & Son,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS, for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety. Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first-class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
2loct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.
All kinds of repairing done on short notice
VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-1y Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS
No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31, 72.

CENTRE HALL.
Furniture Rooms!
EZRA KRUMBINE.
respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bough t out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has removed to the same. They have constantly on hand, and make to order
BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.
HOUSE MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.
Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. 1y.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,
LEVI MURRAY.
at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,
and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS
WISON & HICKS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
Builders Hardware
CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
STOVES.
SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS
which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.
SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.
This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,
CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,
Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.
Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.
LOWEST CASH PRICES!
☞Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
A. W. GRAFF.
my8-1y.

C. PECK'S
New
Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY
of every description.
All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.
He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.
PRICES REASONABLE.
All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!
HIGH RATES RUBBED OUT
Goods at Old Fashioned Prices,
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF.
Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
which he is offering at the very lowest market price.
DRY GOODS and
Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line,
which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of
NOTIONS:
A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c.
HATS & CAPS,
A full assortment of
Men's Boy's and Children's
of the latest style and best.
CLOTHING,
Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.
BOOTS & SHOES,
WM. WOLF.

CENTRE HALL,
Hardware Store,
J. O. DEININGER
A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.
Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Lard, Lubricating Coal, Linseed, Tanners, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Tools, Factory Bells, Tea Bells, Grindstones, Carpenter Tools, Fruit Jars and Cans, Paint, Oils, Varnishes received and for sale at
june5'68-tf J. & J. HARRIS.

The Granger Store!
Something New!
CASH AND PRODUCE FOR
CHEAP GOODS.
SHORT CREDIT & SHORT PROFITS.
ISREAL GRENOBLE,
Spring Mills has established a store to suit the times, and has a complete stock of
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
FISH, SALT,
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
DRUGS, SPICES, OILS,
In short a full line of
EVERYTHING FOR LESS PRICES THAN ELSEWHERE
COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.
5feb. y.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
J. & J. HARRIS,
No. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.
A new and complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Brockerhoff's new building—where they are prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails.
Buggy wheels in setts, Champion Clothes Wringer, Mill Saws, Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Ice Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY OCT. 22, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

RATIFICATION MEETING.

——Democratic meetings will be held as follows:

Hublersburg, Saturday evening, Oct. 17.
Madisonburg, Wednesday evening Oct 21.
Brungart's School House, Thursday evening Oct. 22.
Wolf's School House, Haines twp., Friday evening, Oct. 23.
Penn Hall, Saturday evening, Oct. 24.
Churchville, Tuesday evening, Oct. 27.
Snow Shoe, Wednesday evening, Oct. 28.
Rebersburg, Thursday evening, Oct. 29.
Philipsburg, Friday evening, Oct. 30.
Gatesburg, Saturday evening, Oct. 31.

Able speakers will be present to discuss the issues of the day. Democrats, Republicans, and all, turn out.

JOHN H. MORRISON,
Chairman County Com.

——Plenty apples. Ditto chestnuts—10c qt.

——Scarce—money. Pay up your subscription.

——Thomas Yeatick's new variety store at Aaronsburg, looks neat as a pin.

——P. B. Wilson, Col. M'Farlane, and D. M. Wagner, have purchased of R. H. Duncan his store house, dwelling, mill and hotel, at Spring Mills, for $20,000.

——If you have any farms, public sales or business cards to advertise, remember that the Reporter is the medium to do it in as nearly every body in Centre county reads the Reporter. We do not believe there are half dozen men or women on this side the county but what have access to the Reporter. Our patrons often tell us it pays to advertise in the Reporter, because everybody reads it.

——Jacob Struble, an old citizen of this county, died at his home, near Zion, on 11th inst. He at one time represented this county in the Legislature.

——The Albrights, of Millheim, took a nice lot of buggies and springwagons through here last week.

——A heavy frost last Thursday morning 15th. He was too much for the leaves and brought them down wholesale.

——The Union county papers are publishing the "address" delivered at their ager. fair. Interesting reading—it will tell on Union county crops next year.

TRYING TO SETTLE.—The Philipsburg Journal states that at the meeting of the creditors of McGirk & Perks, at their Banking House, on Saturday, the 3d inst., a proposition was made to pay all claims at seventy-cents on the dollar, in four annual installments, with interest, which was accepted by the heaviest creditors present and which bids fair to receive the assent of a sufficient number to make it the basis of settlement.

——We have a first class Florence Sewing Machine at this office which we will trade for hay.—Tuten Republican.

So you are turned mule and going to eat hay—just what we expected, after hearing you claim to be farmer, military man and soger.

——The Tuten sheet keeps sneering at Lieut. Wolf, for having been a Union soldier. This shows the thanks a democrat gets from a radical scalswag for having served his country. But how about Tuten, *he* wants to make capital by saying he was in the army, but it looks a little suspicious he does not say on which side—the rebel side, eh, no doubt. Show up your "receipts."

——Mr. Wm. Bible, of near this place, brought two Peerless potatoes to this office, which will take the premium, the larger one weighing 3 pounds and 10 oz., and the other 2¼ lbs. One such a fellow in a hill is as much as any reasonable man could ask. This potato, we suppose, is the largest on record.

——The farm of P. Durst, dec'd, in the Loop, will be offered at public sale again, Nov. 7. If not sold on that day it will be offered for rent at public outcry. See advertisement.

——The sale of the Kerr farm, in Potter twp., has been postponed to Nov. 18.

——A little son of Daniel Horner, on the mountain, cut off one of his fingers with a hatchet, one day last week. Those little hatchets always were dangerous things even as far back as the days of little Georgy Washington.

——Wm. A. Wallace, champion of the people's rights and interests, and incorruptible legislator, will speak at Centre Hall ,Monday eve, Oct. 26, and at Pine Grove on Tuesday eve, Oct 27. Taxpayers go and hear one of your best and ever true friends.

——The democratic meeting appointed at Church-ville for Monday evening 20, has been poseponed to 27th.

——Getting new goods—Grenoble, at the grange store, Spring Mills.

——Maj. Fisher, at Penn Hall, is getting his new stock of goods.

——L. A. Mackey, the life long friend of the poor man. Vote for him, for congress, Nov. 3rd.

——We need Shugert and Wolf in the Legislature to vote for a democratic U. S. Senator. Remember the deep importance of this, democrats, and don't scratch your ticket. Boohooozer will vote for Cameron.

——Democrats, remember that the rads only nominated one candidate for Assembly so as to enable them to trade one vote off against either Shugert or Wolf. Don't do that—stand by the nominations, from top to bottom—we can elect the whole ticket.

——Quite a lively runaway was witnessed in Centre Hall on Tuesday evening. A sprited young beast belonging to S. S. Wolf started at the upper end of town, with a spring wagon and two boys on board, and ran down main street in front of J. O. Deininger's hardware store, upsetting the wagon, throwing out the boys The wagon was wrecked, and the horse becoming detached proceeded on his run until caught shortly after. None of the boys received any serious injury by the fall.

——Remember, taxpayers, that Boozer is openly opposed to the Reform movement, and that Shugert and Wolf are just as openly in favor of it, they favored the new Constitution while Boozer faught it up to the hilt.

——Thanks to our friend Aaron Spangler for a basket of fine French pippin apples. Go to him for fine apples—he has some 300 bushels.

——Next Sunday, 25, is "World's Day of Prayer for Sunday Schools."

☞Any one wishing to trade a good one horse sleigh for corn, will apply to W. A. Curry, at Centre Hall. 22 Oct 4t.

——Sales of Farms advertised in Reporter:

Evans farm, Potter, private sale.

The Keller farm and Foster farm, near Centre Hall, Oct 29.

THE ELASTIC TRUSS AN ABDDOMINAL SUPPORTER offeredto the public, with the full assurance of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the profession that they would supersede all natural or other Instruments in use, for the relief and cure of Hernia, Prolapsus Uteri, and all Abdominal Weaknesses. The great number of radical cures they have effected, fully justify the confident prediction made, and has demonstrated the fact that rupture can be surely cured without suffering or annoyance, and without the danger of incuring Spinal Disease or Paralysis, often caused by the severe pressure of Metal Trusses and Supporters. ZELLER & SON, Druggists, Bellefonte, Sole Agents. Aug 27 3m

BALLOON VOYAGE OF PROF. W. H. RENNER.

His Trip from Bellefonte to the Loyalsock.

Many of our readers having witnessed the balloon ascension at Bellefonte, it may prove interesting to read something about the "voyage," hence we copy the following from the Williamsport Bulletin:

About five o'clock a dispatch was received from Jersey Shore, that the balloon had passed over that place and was moving in the direction of Williamsport. The news spread like wild fire, and a constant watch was kept up. But a few minutes elapsed before the air ship, resembling a small speck, was seen emerging from a cloud in the West, floating leisurely, to all appearances, in this direction.

At 5.15 the Professor was directly over the city, but far away in the blue vault of heaven, above the scattering clouds that moved along as though companions of the isolated traveler. Now he is hid from view as he runs a race with a black, swift flying cloud, again he appears in sight, and the sun shining upon the side of the monstrous air ship, the shout from the earth goes up "There, there goes the balloon," but the Professor cannot hear it. He is in illimitable space, the creaking of the ropes being the only sound to disturb the silence of the sky, unless it be the occasional whistle of a locomotive that faintly falls upon his ear. So far above the city is he that the basket, decorated with flags, is not visible—nothing but the great sack that holds the daring aeronaut between heaven and earth, and so diminutive does that appear that the incredulous believe it a small balloon, and that the story of a human being conveyed through the air is simply a joke intended to take the place of the Tom Collins excitement.

At twenty minutes of six o'clock he is seen evidently descending rapidly, and is at last lost sight of in the black bank that rests in the northeast, and people turning from the long gaze begin to discuss the probable landing point.

The Professor arrived in the city last night, at 10.30 o'clock, stopping at the City Hotel having been conveyed here, with his balloon, by two gentleman from the country.

The Professor's Statement.

He left Bellefonte at ten minutes past four, taking but little ballast with him, on account of the poor quality of gas, the amount used in inflation being only about 15,000 feet. The balloon is a large one, capable of carrying three persons, and was therefore but partially inflated. For a time he hung directly over the village, giving the assembled thousands an opportunity to fully witness the ascension. Then he sailed gracefully off, and passing above the clouds, kept above them during the entire voyage. The air was very cold, and the Professor states that he suffered considerably, his teeth constantly chattering. At 5.30 finding that night was rapidly approaching, and fearing that perhaps he might lodge in the wilderness of the Allegheny range, he commenced making his descent. At 5.20 he came close to the earth, near Loyalsockville, better known as Slabtown nine miles from Williamsport.. Throwing out his grapling hooks they fastened upon a fence. As there were houses near by the shouted for assistance, but no one came. The balloon struggled to escape, and the fence giving away, on he went plunging into the woods, where he lodged between two trees expecting every moment to see the balloon torn in shreds, as he surged back and forth between the limbs. For one hour he remained in this position, when assistance arrived, and in a short time after he was safe and sound on terra firma. There was but one rent in the air ship, and that was near the valve, and the Professor considers himself fortunate in escaping with so light damage, when the accent was so rough.

Mr. Renner is next to the youngest aeronaut in America, is twenty-four years of age, and proposes to take many more trips if his life is spared. His journey yesterday was a long one—seventy miles in one hour and forty minutes. He was suffering last evening from a curious sensation in the ears, arising from atmospheric causes.

The balloon is a magnificent one, manufactured by Prof. John Wise, and was last week used by Mr. Wise's boy in making an ascension. Last night it was packed in the basket and stored in the hall of the hotel. So great is the weight of it, that it requires two strong men to clear it from the floor.

JURIES MAY BE DISPENSED WITH

Gov. Hartranft has signed the bill passed at the last session of the Legislature, to provide the submission of civil cases to the Court, and to dispense with trial by Jury, whenever the parties to a suit may agree to that manner of disposing of it. We condense the provisions of the act as follows:

The first section provides that in any case now pending or hereafter to be commenced, after issue is joined the parties thereto, excepting those acting in a fiduciary capacity, may, by agreement, dispense with a trial by jury, and submit the decision of such cases to the Court. Such Court shall hear and determine the same the judgement subject to writ of error or appeal at the option of either party to the suit.

Section two says that the decision of the court shall be in writing, and filed in the office of prothonotary as early as practicable, not exceeding sixty days from the termination of the trial, and notice thereof shall forth-with be given to the parties or their attorneys. If no exception be filed thereto within thirty days, the court or the judge who tried the case, in vacation may, upon argument, order judgment to be entered according to the decision filed, or make such modifications as in justice and right shall seem proper, subject always to review by writ of error or appeal to the Supreme Court.

Section three provides that such cases taken to the Supreme Court by appeal, shall be heard and determined therein, as in cases of appeal in equity proceedings, and in case a new trial is ordered, it shall be proceeded with before the same court in the manner herein provided for. An agreement to submit under this act shall be a waiver of trial by jury, and cases submitted under the provisions of this act shall be subject to the existing law as to costs, excepting no jury fee shall be required for entering judgment.

W. A. WALLACE speaks at Centre Hall, Monday eve, Oct. 26. Come and hear your talented friend who has a 12 years record in opposition to monopolies.

——The Tuten Republican puts up C. T. Alexander for congress. How is that, when Alexander, in Spangler's hotel, the other day openly declared he did not like the idea of having republicans vote for him. Somebody is eating crow, and we think it is both Cyse and such rads as come down to voting for him.

——Who escaped more abuse upon the republicans, in the last dozen years than Alexander, and now he would have them vote for him, after being fairly beaten in the democratic conference.

A defalcation to the amount of $1,000,000 is reported in the Havana Custom-House.

For the Reporter.

Pen Portraits

In state and national campaigns, after the candidates are once placed in the field, some enterprising newspaper generally furnishes us with an accurate description of each candidate, so that voters may have an adequate idea of the men they are called upon to support. These descriptions frequently go into details, giving not only the political, social and moral aspects of the man's character, but also his physiognomy and general appearance so accurately, that the sketch appears more like an image, than a narrative. Such pen portraits are undoubtedly useful, and serve a good purpose. They tend to familiarize the public with the antecedents of those who are chosen to fill offices of trust, and enable it to select those best qualified and least objectionable. But why these pictures should be confined to the larger sphere of our politics, and not prove equally serviceable in the local field, I cannot comprehend. It would undoubtedly be more satisfactory to the citizens of our county, if a similar course were pursued among us. It shall be my endeavor to supply this deficiency to the best of my ability in the future. But as the present campaign will be too short to furnish sketches of all the candidates on both tickets, I am compelled to make selections; and in doing so the best plan that suggested itself to my mind is to describe those who are least known to the people of the county, in order that they may become familiar with the entire tickets on both sides.

In such a plan there can be no question that the first name that would suggest itself as unfamiliar to any old resident of the county upon reading over our county tickets is

John G. Love,

the Republican candidate for District Attorney. His Democratic competitor, Jack Spangler (who don't know "Jack ?") while associate editor of the Watchman, and in various other ways, has acquired a general acquaintance throughout the county. But Mr. Love has not had such advantages, and it is but meet and proper that he should not suffer on this account.

He is a young attorney of several years standing, but has not applied himself closely to his profession, having chosen rather to wander into by and forbidden paths, in order to obtain a little more of this world's goods than he could legitimately obtain otherwise. In short, he is of a speculative view, and has acquired some little reputation as a "land shark." Although small in stature, he is a man of exceeding importance—in his own estimation. He is by no means modest, and never fails to impress that fact upon every one with whom he comes in contact. To obtain anything like a correct idea of the inordinate degree to which this portion of his character has been developed, you want to hear him relate how *he defeated Jim Milliken for Congress in* 1872. After hearing this wonderful tale of fiction and egotism, you will be forcibly impressed with the idea that the late Mr. Yceum had no popularity and no single good quality to recommend him to the members of his party. Whether such was the case, we will leave republicans to judge. The striking development of his bump of self-esteem manifests itself not only in this single instance, but in his entire social intercourse. Even in his public addresses he manages to withdraw the attention of his audience from his sonorous words and empty ideas, and concentrates it upon himself, only to excite contempt and ridicule. One reason why he will never become a great statesman or lawyer is because he imagines himself to be both already.

In his professional career he is entirely *too knowing*. Although a mere "babe and suckling" as yet in the law, he does not hesitate to contradict the oldest and best lawyers of the bar, and even, at times, the Court itself. Such a course may be right, it may lead to success, but the chances are against it. The Court may be wrong, and Mr. Love may be right, but the majority of suitors would doubtless prefer to stand by the decision of the former, rather than the latter tribunal. It would at least have experience, good judgment, and common sense to sustain it. Politically, he is a bitter, rampant partisan, and an unscrupulous politician. He will even betray his best friends, and sacrifice the highest interests of his party, if he can thereby secure his own advancement. He carries party spirit entirely *too far*. He would carry it even into the judiciary, and, were it within his power, every man would receive justice in accordance with the shade of his political views. Yet at the same time that he counsels his party to make a nomination for Judge, on the ground that it would be ruinous to go into the fight without a district ticket, he would have no candidate for Congress. Consistency, thou art a jewel! The uninitiated (for such he deems the common people, who he imagines can be easily gulled) may not understand this freak, but its explanation is comparatively simple. He don't care a particle for the party, but he foolishly expects, by the latter arrangement to slide into the District Attorneyship. This accounts for the active efforts which he has been making to secure an independent candidate for Congress. But Johnny thy hopes are destined to be blasted, and on the morning of the 4th of November next, you will awake to the fact that you are one of the worst spanked youngsters in the county. But he will never make a good politician. He is too haughty and disdaining; it requires too much condescension on his part to even notice a common hard-fisted workingman, without he sees a chance to make a fee. This and his unbounded egotism will long keep him in the back ground.

Such is the man who has been placed in opposition to our own whole-souled popular candidate for District Attorney, Democrats, Republicans, can you hesitate for whom to deposit your ballots. The prosecuting attorney is a person with whom every citizen in the county is liable to come in contact, and you certainly do not desire him to be a haughty overbearing lough. Besides he has an inordinate faculty for speculation, and if elected would "farm" the office as well as dishonge the people. Put your seal of condemnation upon this froward youth, and by leaving him in an overwhelming minority you may lower his estimation of himself, thereby making him a wiser and a better boy.

The Tuten paper having falsified Lieut. Wolf's record as a soldier, Maj. Forster sets them right in the following facts he has communicated to the Watchman:

The above is simply a lie throughout. Mr. Wolf was as brave and faithful a soldier as any other man in the army, and during the period of his service, something over a year, was as much thought of. This we say on the authority of Major Forster, who was the captain of the company of which Mr. Wolf was lieutenant, and of Captain Lytle and other brave soldiers.

The assertion that Mr. Wolf "never saw a battle," is malignantly false. He was in all the fights his regiment was in during that period, and at the battle of Chancellorsville, one of the hardest and bloodiest of the whole war, he was under fire for three days and did his duty like a man and a soldier. Major Forster was wounded in the throat in that battle, which shows that he had his company where the bullets were flying thick, and he informs us that Lieutenant Wolf carried himself with the utmost gallantry all through that great battle.

Mr. Wolf was finally compelled to leave the army on account of an affection of the eyes, which confined him to the hospital for six weeks, and through the effects of which he is now almost totally blind in one eye. Gen. Beaver expressed great regret that he was obliged to part with him at the time, and all his brother officers and soldiers neured him of their highest respect and esteem.

——If you desire the election of an honest, intelligent, hardworking farmer, to the office of Commissioner, vote for J. Zeigler Hall, who is qualified for the position, and fills the above requirements in every particular.

OUR DISTRICT NOMINEES

The Renova Record, an independent journal published at Renova, Clinton county, in refering to the Democratic nominees, says:

"The nomination of Hon. L. A. Mackey, for Congress, by the Democrats of this Twentieth Congressional District, is unquestionably wise a one. Wise, because the people without regard to party, hail the announcement with universal satisfaction and wise because all are satisfied that he is one of the best representative men in the district, and will fill the position of Congressman with honor to our great Commonwealth. Mr. Mackey is not a stranger to the people of this district. He is well known to all. Indeed his personal character stands so far above reproach that we believe if any serious opposition had been shown to him in the contest it would have thrown discredit on his party. He is known to all as a gentleman of fine education, his good business qualities, is a first-rate financier, and is courteous, prompt and efficient everything.

Mr. Mackey will recieve a large Republican vote and will carry Clinton county by at least one thousand majority.

The nomination of Hon. Wm. A. Wallace for State Senator, by the Democracy of the district, will; without doubt, be received with pleasure by his party adherents. Mr. Wallace is a politician of the first order, and is believed to be an aspirant for United States Senator. Those who will support him will do so mainly out of love for Democratic principles, knowing too that in Mr. Wallace they have a leader able to defend their cause and one of the most brilliant law makers in the state.

The nomination of Hon. John H Orvis, of Centre county, for Associate Law Judge of this District, by the Democratic party, is generally conceded to be a strong one. While we do not approve of his course as a legislator, on the ground referred to in these columns subsequent to his appointment by Governor Hartranft, we are free to admit that he is an able jurist and that his nomination was demanded by the voice of the people of this Judicial district."

A Lie Nailed.

"If a man is doing a large business at Mackey's bank, is keeping a large deposit there all the time, he may be favored by their discounting his paper at six per cent, but if not they will not discount his paper at all, but refer him to Moore, Simpson & Co., a private banking institution in which Mackey is the largest share holder, and there he will have to pay from twelve to twenty per cent."

The above falsehood is from the Tuten paper of last week. Now Moore, Simpson & Co., have written them a letter and demanded its publication, stating that the whole thing is false, and besides Mr. Mackey is not a stock holder in their bank. Now let's see whether the Tutens will print that letter.

Turn Out Against Treachery!

Democrats, there is treason in the camp. C. T. Alexander, having been fairly defeated for the nomination, is now an independent candidate for congress. Let no one stay from the polls on 3rd of November, and show the traitor that such base ingratitude and treason will be put down. Arouse! and show the ring that they can no longer rule! Election 3rd of Nov. Vote for the people's choice, L. A. Mackey, for congress, and let C T Alexander in his new radical company.

The Ring

is now trying to break down the democratic party by running Mr. Alexander as an independent candidate for congress. No good democrat will fail to be at his post on 3rd of November, and cast his vote against such foul treachery.

Going for Mackey.

Since the radicals made no nomination, the gentlemen spoken of in their party several weeks ago, as republican candidates for the radical nomination, have declared themselves in favor of Col. Mackey. These leading republicans are:

Gen. Patton, of Clearfield, and a former member of Congress.

Gen. Jesse Merrill, of Lock Haven; and Col Willcox, of Elk.

Republicans if they must choose between a regular democrat, L. A. Mackey, and a renegrade, C. T. Alexander, will vote in favor of Mackey.

What is the Reason

that Cyse Alexander followed Col. Mackey's heels in 1868, and jumped upon every store box and stump in Centre county, and said "he was proud to introduce Col. Mackey," yet Mackey is the same man still, and even better?

——One half the men who signed Alexander's letter, sent out by himself and addressed to himself, now say they put their names down under a misrepresentation of facts and have pronounced against his Arnoldism.

——The press of other matter has forced us to omit our Millheim, Rebersburg, and other letters.

——Nittany mountain and the roads in the valley, look like a flower garden—the leaves of the forest presenting every hue and color. The sight is most beautiful viewed from the top, above Centre Hall.

Democratic editors throughout this district, in printing tickets for Congress, will make it read, LEVI A. MACKEY.

The Pittsburg Post speaks to the point when it says:

There are several thousand workmen out of employment in this city. Are they going to vote for the party whose management of affairs has closed our mills and workshops, deprived them of employment, doubled and trebled their taxes, impoverished their families and brought misery and want to many a happy home? We rather guess not. Workingmen are not to be fooled into supporting such a corrupt crew—they know that the Radicals have had power in both the executive and legislative branches of the government for fourteen years past and could have given us proper protection laws and other wholesome legislation had they chosen to do so. But they were too busy with their Credit Mobilier stealing, salary grabs and other villainous schemes and the people have to suffer. The deathly howls of the Ring organs about "Southern Outrages" "Free Trade" won't deceive the intelligent workingman this time.

——The meeting in the court-house, on Tuesday evening was large, every seat being occupied. The venerable James McManus occupied the chair, and made a short and appropriate speech. After which Gen. McCandless, L. A. Mackey and Wm A. Wallace, were respectively introduced by the chairman, and delivered sound speeches upon the issues of the day. Mr. Mackey completely refuted the silly and groundless charges against him about Bonner; &c., and showed that he was now as always heretofore, sound upon and in accord with the people against the national banking system, against extorting monopolies called into existence by the radical party. His speech had a telling effect.

Wm. A. Wallace made a stirring and eloquent appeal to the Democracy to stand by their organization, now that victory was on the approach, and ably discussed national and state affairs, and the burning iniquity that is being played in the south by carpet-bag rule.

A COLLISION IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

London, October 15.—The British ship Kingsbridge, from this port for Sydney, came in collision in the British Channel with the ship Candahar and was sunk. Eleven of the crew of the Kingsbridge were drowned.

A TRAIN WRECKED AND TEN SOLDIERS KILLED.

"Dyer, Tenn., October 11.—The train, with a battallon of the Thirteenth infantry was wrecked at eleven o'clock last night, two miles south of this place. The accident was caused by a wheel of the engine truck breaking. Ten soldiers were killed and several wounded. The engine, four baggage cars and a passenger car were coppletely wrecked.

RAILWAY TEST CASE

Portland, October 15.—Ansel Stephens, who brought a suit against the Grand Trunk railroad for injuries received by accident while riding on a free pass, has been awarded $12,000, notwithstanding the pass stated that if he were injured he could not be entitled to recover damages

THE BOSTON HERMIT.

Twenty seven Years of Seclusion in the Suburban Woods.

The Boston Advertiser says that in Grew's woods, near Hyde Park, there lives a strange person, who has long been known as "The Hermit." But little is known of the man, as he is very reticent on the subject of his life. His name is James Gatley, and he was born in Cheshire, England, in 1805. He is well educated, is accomplished in the arts of drawing and painting, and was probably sent to school at Eton. Twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago he left England. It has been ascertained, however, that he was not to return for twenty-five years. This is a mysterious point in his life which no one can explain. It is said that he fell in love with the daughter of some titled person; was rejected, and that his present seclusion is from that cause; but this may have arisen from his refusal to speak to ladies for several years after he voluntarily shut himself out from society. On arriving at Boston "the hermit" plunged into the forest and built himself a hut under an overhanging ledge in the Pine garden woods. Here he supported himself on game, which was then abundant, and devoted much time to the study of ornithology. Finally, the advances of civilization led him to seek a more secluded spot, and he purchased a little tract of land—his present position—and built a ten by-twelve hut, which has been somewhat enlarged since. Here this old man has lived all alone with his dogs and pets of which he has had many; and although his time of exile has now expired, he seems to have no disposition to return to his native land. He has seen the town grow up like magic, and houses penetrate his very woods, but still he remains. He has a fine collection of birds and animals, and his fame in the vicinity has been such that he reaps a harvest from their exhibition to the many who seek his door. This strange man evidently, has some property in England for he has several times received remittances of money through the British consul, with presents of valuable dogs form the same source. Many ornithologists have visited Mr. Gatley, and it is affirmed that in various works upon the subject his views have been frequently entertained.

On Monday night last about a quarter past 11 o'clock the new saw mill of the firm of Billmeyer, Dill & Co., at the upper end of Lewisburg, was discovered to be on fire. The mill was too far gone to attempt to save it, and the firemen paid more attention to saving other property. Some half a dozen hogsheads were in imminent danger, and the families had moved out of them, but only the back buildings were injured. Several sick ladies were carried from them to safer quarters.

The loss will amount to about $10,000, but there was an insurance.

It is thought by some the building was set on fire, but as the flames were first noticed near the part of the building occupied by the boilers, it is quite likely it caught from a spark.

A horse was also burned. He belonged to a Mr. Isaac Brady, forest Hill, and had been tied under the mill to keep him in the dry, and when the fire broke out, it was impossible to rescue him.—*Journal.*

A JOKE ON MISS ANTHONY.

On Thursday, during the proceedings of the Woman's Suffrage Association in Chicago, the following amusing tilt between Miss Anthony and Mrs. Swisshelm took place:

* * * Mrs. J. G. Swisshelm next took the stand. she didn't agree with everything Miss Anthony had said. "There were more men willing to give women the ballot than there were women to ask it. It had always been her desire to get a law entitling tax-paying women to vote, but they had objected. If it was in her power to give any women, or the country the franchise to-morrow she would not speak the word. She believed in enfranchising a few at a time on special subjects in which they were interested. In her opinion the suffragists had asked too much. They have drawn their bow at the sun, and may probably hit the moon. The speaker liked men better than she did women. The women hadn't asked for the franchise rightly; if they had, it would have been granted. If they would not declare that they would not pay taxes unless permitted to vote, but would just ask for the right to vote every time they pay their taxes, they would be more likely to have the privilege accorded them. If the women would only sit down by the side of the men—they might even sit on one of their knees—and ask for their rights, they would be more likely to receive them. This was followed by uproarious applause. Miss Anthony hiding her face, evidently reminded of the little Brooklyn episode. Mrs. Swisshelm went on to say that she understood men better than did Miss Anthony, and furthermore, she knew more about them than did her colleague, with whom she always felt privileged to disagree.

Miss Anthony replied to Mrs. Swisshelm, and remarked that they had always entertained opposite opinions, and there was no probability of either one converting the other. She was not content to receive her protection from the male portion of the community; she wanted to be at the mercy of herself. She was earnest in this matter, because she felt the position at present occupied by woman was an insult and a degradation to her position in society.

THE NEXT HOUSE.

In the present House of Representatives, says the Sun the Republicans, if all vacancies were filled, have a majority of 102. To change this majority in the next House the Opposition must make a gain of fifty-two members.

At the elections for members of Congress held this summer and fall in North Carolina, Vermont, Maine, West Virginia, Ohio Indiana, Iowa, and Nebraska, a fraction over one fifth of the next House were chosen. In those elections the Opposition have gained certainly twelve probably thirteen and possibly fifteen members. Let us take the lowest of these figures—twelve. If the Opposition can gain at the November elections in the same proportion as they have gained in those already held, they will have a clear majority in the next House, just as surely as five times twelve are sixty.

Can the Opposition make these gains? Why not? The tide sets steadily and with unexpected strength in their favor. They have only to make good nominations, bring out their reserved forces, conciliate all the elements of hostility to Grant's Administration, and the desired end will be reached.

FIVE MEN BUTCHERED ON THE PLAIN.

Denver, October 15.—A company of cavalry crossing from Arkansas Valley to Fort Dodge, a few days ago, found the mutilated bodies of five men. Papers found on four bodies identified them as Messrs. Griffen, Dasher, Kemp and Boless, a party of buffalo hunters, who left the settlements about six weeks ago. The hearts of three of the victims were pierced with bullets and arrows. Dasher's legs and arms were broken and his body horribly mangled.

SPAIN'S LONG WAR ALMOST ENDED.

Santander, Oct. 13.—Report has reached here that General Dorregary, with 800 Carlist troops, has gone over to the Republican army.

London, Oct. 13.—A special despatch to the Pall Mall Gazette from Santander confirms the reports of a partial submission of the Carlists. The news reports that the latter entered Fontarabia, in the province of Biscay, under cover of a fog, yesterday, but were expelled after they had burned a part of the town. Simultaneous attacks were made by the insurgents on Irun and San Martial. The Carlists captured part of Behobia, commanding the International Bridge, but they were finally driven out.

A BULL ATTACKS A TRAIN OF CARS—ONE MAN FATALLY INJURED.

Honesdale, Pa., Oct. 12.—On Saturday a bull, which was being driven along the road near Plane No. 4 of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's gravity railroad, became unmanageable. It climbed up the steep embankment of the railroad, on the loaded track. Just then a long train of coal cars came along at a high rate of speed. The bull turned and lowered its head, and started to meet the train. The collision came and the bull was thrown high into the air, and came down on one of the rails in front of the cars. Fourteen of the cars were thrown down the bank fifty feet, and William Healy, a car runner, was fatally injured. The other men on the train had very narrow escapes, saving themselves by jumping.

A TURKISH TOWN IN RUINS.

Constantinople, Oct. 13.—The Turkish town of Akhiolga, containing five thousand people, and situated on the gulf of Burghos in the Black Sea, has been totally destroyed by fire.

A REVOLT AGAINST ROYALTY

The People of Birmingham Tired of Feting the Heir-Apparent at the Public Expense.

London, Oct. 15.—A public meeting was held in Birmingham to-night, at which resolutions were adopted protesting against the illegal use of public moneys to defray the expense of illuminating the city on the occasion of the anticipated visit of the Prince of Wales. The speakers denounced the Mayor and accused him of seeking favor with the Court, in order to obtain knighthood. Opprobrious epithets were applied to the Prince of Wales and other violent language was used, which called out strong expressions of dissent. The proceedings were very disorderly.

Reports continue to be received of additional defeats of bands of Carlists by the republican troops. Certain battalions are negotiating for surrender to the republicans.

TALMAGES PAPER.—THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK (New York) ranks with the best of the religious weeklies. Dr. TALMAGE is its active editor, and his sermons are published exclusively in its columns. The terms, $3.25 per annum, cover everything, including postage and delivery of the new premium, a "Portfolio of Twelve Gems," or 12 copys of LANDSEER'S "Lions." Without the premium it is only $3 per annum, postage prepaid, as above. Agents will find this a success. Oct 22 2t.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County No. 73 April T. 1874, In Equity.

Peter Ruble vs Wm. Wolf et al.

The undersigned having been appointed by the said Court Examiner and Master to take testimony and frame a decree in the above case, will attend to the duties of the appointment on Monday the 9th day of November next at 10 o'clock a. m. at his office in Bellefonte, when and where all persons interested are requested to attend. ADAM HOY

Bellefonte Oct. 17. 1874. Master &c. 22 Oct 3t.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

Will be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on Saturday, Nov. 7th, 1874.

The following real estate, belonging to the Estate of Peter Durst, dec'd., consisting of a valuable farm of

118 ACRES,

more or less, situate 1 mile from Potters Mills. Thereon erected a TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, and other outbuildings, with two good Orchards and all kinds of the best fruit on the premises, and a good spring of never failing water near the house. Also,

EIGHTY ACRES of TIMBERLAND, situate in Potter twp., 2 miles from Potters Mills. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. Terms will be made known on day of sale.

JOHN RISHEL,
JOSHUA POTTER.

N. B.—If the said farm is not sold on day above mentioned, it will be offered for rent at public outcry, on same day. Nov. 7. Oct 22 td.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on Friday, Nov'm'br 13, 1874, a

VALUABLE FARM,

situate in Potter twp., 2½ miles west of Potters Mills; known as the farm of Rev. Daniel Kerr, dec'd, containing about

ONE HUNDRED ACRES,

Bounded on the east by lands of Wm Rishel, on the south and west by public road, north by lands of Mr Shadow and John Stoner. Thereon erected a good TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE, BANK-BARN, and first class outbuildings, good fruit of all kinds, and a never failing spring of water near the house.

TERMS.—One-third of the purchase money on confirmation of sale; the balance in two equal annual payments, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises with interest. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m.

W. W. SPANGLER.
24 sep. td. Administrator.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE! Will be exposed at public sale and sold to the highest bidder, on the premises, on

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1874,

at one o'clock P. M. that VALUABLE FARM, late the property of William Keller, deceased, situated in Potter township, Centre County, about one mile east of Centre Hall, containing

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE ACRES

and twenty eight perches and allowance. Thereon erected a large two-story brick house, large bank barn and all other necessary out buildings, about one hundred and fifty acres cleared and under good fence and in a

HIGH STATE OF CULTIVATION,

an orchard, containing about three acres, filled with excellent apple and other fruit trees. A splendid spring of water near the house, with excellent spring house, two cisterns at the house and one at the barn.

Will also be sold at same time and place a

TRACT OF TIMBER LAND,

one half mile from Centre Hall, containing about twelve acres. Terms made known on day of sale. For further particulars inquire of John H. Keller, at Centre Hall on the premises.

DAVID W. KELLER, WM. KELLER, JR.
P. F. KELLER, C. C. KELLER,
SAMUEL FOSTER,
Guardian of W. K. FOSTER.

Also at the same time and place, I will offer at public sale my valuable farm, containing 117½ acres, adjoining the above offered premises. A further description of the farm is unnecessary, as it is well known throughout the valley.

Oct., 8 3t SAMUEL F. FOSTER.

Mackey is against the radical banking system and always was.

MARRIAGES.

On Sept. 13th, by Rev. F. Aurand, Mr. George M. Weber to Miss C. Condo, both of Rebersburg.

On Oct. 4th, by the same, Mr. John Cummings, of Millheim, to Miss Rebecca Meyers of the same place.

On 15th inst, by Rev R Young, Mr David M Beck of Jacksonville, and Miss Catharine J Painter of Linden Hall.

MARKETS.

Produce.

New York, October 19.—Wheat quiet and steady; receipts 180,000 bushels; No. 3 spring $1,04; No. 2 $1 06@1 08, No. 2 Northwest $1 07½@1 08, No. 2 Milwaukee $1 11@1 12. Rye quiet at 97c @$1 02 Barley dull at $1 37. Corn dull and drooping; receipts 50,000 bushels, weste'n mixed 91½@92c; new do. in store 81c. Oats a shade firmer; receipts 66,000 bushels, mixed western 59@61c; white 61@63c. Sugar quiet at 8½c. Eggs firm at 24@25c.

Chicago.

Chicago, October 19.—Wheat du'l and weak; No. 1 spring at 93@93½c; No. 2 at 88½c cash; 88½c seller (October and November; No. 3 84@84½c. Corn dull; No. 2 mixed at 75½@76c cash; 75c bid for seller October; 71c bid for seller November; 69c bid for seller year; rejected 74c. Oats dull and unsettled at 47½c for cash; 48½c for seller November. Rye—demand fair and market firm; No. 1 at 82@82½c. Barley—demand fair and market firm; No. 2 at $1 06@1 07 cash; $1 05 seller October; $1 05@1 05½ seller November. Lard 14@14½c.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White 47beat $1 20 Red 115 ...Rye..... 90 .....Corn 90 .....Oats 50.....Barley 80. 70....Clo'gereed 4,50.....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7,00...

Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs.

THREE NEW

"TRIBUNE EXTRAS."

No. XXI. Whitney, Higginson, Elliott, Lovering, Le Conte, Marsh, Hunt, etc., etc.

No. XXII. Bayard Taylor. (Letters from Egypt and Iceland, in sheet form only.)

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Price by mail, postpaid, in sheet form, 10 cents each; in Pamphlet, 20 cents.

FIFTEEN EXTRAS FOR $1.

Send for full catalogue, with contents of each number.

Address THE TRIBUNE, N. Y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the Estate of Catharine Stover, late of Greg

Farm, Garden and Household.

Farm Notes and Hints.

Pip is a very common complaint in fowls. It appears as a hard scale upon the end of the tongue, with so much painfulness as to prevent the bird from eating. If this scale is removed with the point of a penknife or a coarse needle, the bird soon recovers. There is seldom any other treatment needed.

The schooner Alice recently left Chicago for Liverpool with a cargo of 500 tons of bone dust, valued at $20,000. By and by Western farmers will want to buy bone dust to restore their farms to fertility.

A correspondent of *The London Field* objects to the present mania for highly bred shorthorn cattle kept and bred by millionaires to sell to each other at fancy prices. "Pare" cattle, he says, are all very well for the few who can afford to run the long-continued risks which pure breeding involves; and for the fewer still who know how to turn to best account such cattle when they have got them.

Adair County, Mo., possesses a very prosperous cheese factory. The farmers realize ten cents a gallon for their milk, which equals $5 a month for each cow. Thirty-four farmers raised the funds ($1,600) among themselves to build the factory, and the experiment has been so satisfactory as to lead to the establishment of three more factories.

A farmer in Oregon has had a field of 60 acres of grain eaten by rabbits, and all his other fields have suffered, although to a less extent, from their depredations. Hundreds are shot every day, but hundreds more come out from the sage brush and take their places.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* avers that he has found buckwheat flour sifted through a sieve early morning, while the dew is on, to effectually "do" for the cabbage worms. Two applications are sufficient.

Good Points of a Cow.

1. Youth. A cow is in her prime at from four to six years, and the best paying time to buy is just after the birth of her second or third calf.

2. Prominence and fullness of milk veins, and velvety softness of skin. The milk veins run down on either side of the animal toward the udder, and are easily perceptible to the eye, or can readily be found by pressure of the hand, if the animal is not over fat. The skin should be soft and mellow—not hard, rough and "staring."

3. Symmetry, fullness and softness of the udder. It should be broad, well spread out, projecting behind the legs, and also reaching forward under the belly. There should be a softness and thinness to the touch, and an absence of fleshiness and thickness.

4. Perfect number and condition of teats. If one teat is wanting, about one-fourth less milk will be the result. A cow's udder is not, as some suppose, a barrel with four taps, but is divided into four different compartments, termed "milk glands," each of which has its own tap or teat. It is not only important that the full number of teats be present and in working order, but it is desirable that they be well placed, not crowded together, but pretty far and uniformly apart; rather long and tapering; all pointing out and downward, equal in size and even in appearance.

5. Docility and quietness of disposition. These are indicated by large, mild and clear eyes, and an air of contentment generally. A cow that is quiet and contented feeds at ease, chews her cud with entire satisfaction, and will secrete and yield more milk than a restless and turbulent animal having similar milking characteristics in other respects.

Cribbing Horses.

Mr. Lyman Thayer, of Franklin, Mass., a gentleman who has had a large experience in the care and handling of horses for the past thirty years, in answer to the question, "How to cure crib-biting," he says he has been quite successful by nailing strips of sheep skin on the edges of the manger, in every place where the horse could get hold with his teeth. The skin is put on with the wool side up, and if the horse attempts to play at his old trick or habit, he will find himself pretty effectually gagged. Were shown an inveterate cribber, which appeared to be thoroughly cured by this simple treatment. Mr. Thayer, like most others, considers cribbing more of a habit than anything else. The sheep's wool seems to be a little disgusting to the animal, and as he gives up cribbing in the stall, he appears to forget his habit when on the street. Cribbing is generally believed to be a habit more than a disease, although, if persisted in, it may be an indirect cause of disease.—*New England Farmer.*

Management of Celery.

The time to take up celery is just before hard frosts. Dig a trench about the width of a shade and a few inches deeper than the height of the celery. The place selected must be high ground, where no water will be at the bottom, and where surface-water will not drain into the trench. Take up the celery on a dry day, and as fast as dug place it erect in the trench, with any dirt that may happen to adhere to the roots. Set the stalks close together and close to the side of the trench, but not pressing them in. After the trench is filled, place pieces of board or scantling across it at intervals of five or six feet. On these place short boards, five or six feet long, covering the entire trench. Then cover the boards with a good body of straw or leaves, with boards or earth on top to keep it from blowing away. The work is then completed. When celery is needed take up a length of short boards, and remove enough celery to the cellar to last a few days, and place it in the coolest part, covered with earth. Replace the boards and covering as before.

Paint for a Wagon.

The Ohio *Farmer* says: There is no paint more durable than a mixture of red and white lead; but the color is a matter of taste, and every man should select that which suits him best. Cream color, peach blow, and red are very common, and very appropriate. If the wagon is to be red, if not now well painted, give three coats; for first use one part red and two parts white lead; second coat, equal parts of each, or reverse the first, and the last coat all red lead. If a lighter shade is desired, use more of the white and less of the red. If a straw or cream color is chosen, use no red lead, but shade with chrome yellow. Use the best raw linseed oil.

Remedy for Cabbage Worms.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* states that buckwheat flour, sifted through a sieve early in the morning or in the morning while the dew is on, will effectually eradicate cabbage worms. Two applications (and often one) will do the work. He has succeeded in raising splendid cabbages, while his neighbors, who did not use the remedy, have invariably failed. It is far preferable to hellebore, or any other article for the purpose, and has the advantage of being harmless.

Our Potato Crop.

We raise annually in the United States nearly 150,000,000 bushels of potatoes, representing a money value of about $100,000,000 to the consumers. As an article of food it has a greater value to us than any other that we call root crops. Twenty-five per cent. of the weight of the potato is solid dry substance, and of this 62.5 per cent. is starch.

Portable Feed for Horses.

Hay-cakes, composed of hay and straw, very finely cut, well mixed with crushed oats or rye, and moistened with a solution of rape-seed or linseed oil cake, and then well worked and formed into tablets under pressure, have been for some time employed in France as a convenient and portable food for horses.

"Just keeping it lighted for another boy," is the latest juvenile invention when a mother suddenly comes upon her little boy with a cigar in his mouth.

The General's Daughter.

Miss Minnie Sherman, says a Washington letter, has been quite a favorite in the small circle whom she has admitted to the enjoyment of her friendship, and greatly admired by society generally, not for a "perfect beauty," which she did not possess, but for a certain charm of manner, a gracious sweetness of features and delightful simplicity of character. She is above the medium height, with a fair complexion, cold, dark gray eyes, aquiline nose, proud, imperious mouth, and light brown, golden-streaked hair. There was great repose of manner and much reserve with strangers. Her independence of character has always been marked, and her indifference to what are known as "beaux" much commented upon. An incident that came to our knowledge during the visit of Prince Arthur to this country, will convey a correct idea of how independent she was. While on a visit to this city the Prince, who was a very "unassuming, clever fellow," so the young men said, was greatly lionized. Dinners, parties, receptions and germans were given in his honor. In return for all this kindness to the son of his Queen, Sir Edward Thornton conceived the happy idea of giving a ball. Masonic Temple was hired, and every energy put forward to make the affair worthy of the guests and the royal host and his Minister. The best decorators were engaged to do the hall, the *modistes* were crazed by the demand for new *robes du bal*. The caterer lived on the road from his kitchen in Washington to Delmonico's door in New York. Florists were bidden to spare "no expense." A clerk was engaged day and night in answering notes" begging, praying, beseeching "dear lady Thornton for an invitation." But superior to everything was the question, "With whom will he dance?" Each princess among our belles thought surely with her, and each fancied the other would be the Cinderella in the cold. Mrs. Thornton made a list and gave it to one of the Legation, and from that list the partners were chosen for "His Highness." The ball opened by Mrs. Thornton and the Prince. At the first valse, to one of those bewitching airs that inspire the feet and flutter the heart, Prince Arthur advanced to Miss Sherman to demand her hand *pour le valse*. Raising her cold eyes and slightly arching her always haughtily proud head, she said:

"Thank you, but the rules of my church do not allow me to 'do' the round dances." A pause and Arthur, too well-bred to urge compliance against principles, remained quietly chatting until les lanciers was announced, and then offering his arm to Miss Sherman, they led the dance. The incident created a profound sensation among the beaux and belles, and made an impression on the Prince. From that time he visited frequently at the General's, and on his return to England sent, with a letter, a superb locket of Etruscan gold. On one side is a turquoise surrounded by diamonds, and on the other a photograph of His Highness, the whole sent "To the young lady who of all others in America he admired the most."

He Never Read the Papers.

One of St. Charles' (Mo.) enterprising citizens, who holds that the press is an engine of his sulphuric majesty, and who, for fear of being held in any degree responsible for these satanic revelations, always advertises with a written "notis" stuck on barn doors in the back alleys, where he who runs may read, was last week brought forward several thousand years with such velocity that the centrifugal whirl brushed all of the cobwebs from his brain. He never read the papers, but he does now, and it happened in this way:

About twenty years ago he entered two sections of land in adjoining counties in Illinois, only a few miles distant from the river. He has been paying taxes on it ever since, and for the past five years has been very desirous of selling, but, concealing the desire from the public by avoiding the newspapers, never found a purchaser until a few days ago. He came along in the person of a verdant (?) information from the press-ridden East. He was "considerin' a notion to settle down to farmin';" but, as land was too high about St. Charles, he "guessed he'd go up to Iowa, where he'd heard good farming land could be bought for $5 per cere." Our antediluvian friend saw his opportunity, and made ready to take this stranger in. He told him of his two tracts in Illinois, gave his price and numbers, and our would-be settler started to see it (?). He came back in a day or two, and said he liked one piece pretty well, but the other one was too far away from a settlement. He would give $4 an acre for the one or $7 for the other; but he wanted the most desirable piece. Our citizen "calculated" he would keep this piece, but he would let the other go for $5 an acre, cash. The stranger, after some higgling, finally agreed to take it, got his deed, and went on his way. Our citizen locked up his currency in an old stocking—for he was afraid of our banks—and chuckled to think how he had sold his wild land, got a pretty good interest on the cost, and no thanks to any real estate agency or newspaper advertisement. He would not fee a newspaper or read one. It was money and time worse than thrown away. In a day or two he thought he would write to the recorder over there and see what the remaining piece was worth. He did so, and also gave a description of the piece he had sold. The answer came—the piece remaining was worth about $4 an acre. The piece he had sold was within a mile of a station on the Tamaroa railroad. The railroad ran through a corner of it. It wasn't very good farming land—there was too much coal in it—and a party of eastern men were there preparing to sink a shaft. The recorder thought it was worth at least $20,000, and if these miners were going on without authority he had better look into it, adding a postscript that his deed to one of the tracts had just been brought in for record.

In Trouble for It.

It is not desirable for a man in a boat to pick up every drowning rogue that happens to be near. He ought always to interview him first and endeavor to obtain a material guarantee or a solemn promise of good behavior. Near Exeter, England, a soldier deserted from an artillery regiment. He was pursued so closely on every hand that he plunged into the river. He couldn't swim, and was near drowned, when a man in a boat came to the rescue and dragged him out. But he did not deliver him to the pursuers. He landed him on the other side, and the deserter got away. Then the man in the boat was brought up on a charge of aiding the escape of a deserter. His defense was that he yielded to imminent peril, as the soldier threatened his life. All this is now on trial. If he had not picked the man up perhaps some other process of law would have got at him for constructive manslaughter in consenting to a death he could have prevented.

A Born Controversionalist.

A short time since, says the Rochester *Union*, W. H. Dinehart, better known as "Cap," the peanut peddler, paid a small sum to the County Agricultural Society for the privilege of selling nuts at the fair to be held in a few days. "Cap" bid for the privilege of selling all kind of nuts—and he insists that this includes dough-nuts. On going to the Treasurer, who is a lawyer, to pay his fee, he wanted mentioned in the contract—dough-nuts.

Treasurer—Why, you have no right to sell doughnuts. That's an absurd claim.

"Cap."—Yes, I have. I bid for all kinds of nuts and I am going to sell doughnuts.

Treasurer—You have no right to. Doughnuts don't grow on trees.

"Cap."—Neither do peanuts, at least I never heard that they did.

This ended the dialogue, and "Cap." retired the victor, so far as the argument was concerned.

Physiological Action of Light.

Some interesting experiments upon the physiological effect of light have been made by Professors Dewar and McKendrick of the University of Edinburgh. According to the doctrine of the conservation of force, the action of light on the retina must produce some equivalent result, either as heat chemical action, or electro-motive power, and it was the purpose of the experimenters to ascertain what this equivalent is. They proceeded by the method of Du Bois-Reymond, using his non-polarizable electrodes, formed of troughs of zinc carefully amalgamated, and containing a solution of neutral sulphate of zinc. These are placed on cushions of Swedish filter paper, on which is also placed the preparation. To protect the latter from the instant action of the zinc solution, a thin guard of moistened sculptors' clay, worked out to a point, is employed. Experiments were made on the eyes of fishes and molluscs, removed from their orbits, and on living eyes of some warm blooded animals (cats, doves, snakes, etc.). It was found that light alters the intensity of the natural electro-motive force. When the eyeball of a frog, carefully freed from muscle, was placed on one clay guard, and the transverse section of the optic nerve was in contact with the other, the reflecting galvanometer was allowed to come to a tolerably stable condition, and diffuse light was applied to the eye with the following result: the natural electro-motive force was first increased, then diminished, and during the continuance of light it slowly diminished to a point where it remained constant. On the removal of the light there was a sudden increase of the electro-motive power nearly up to its original position. The fall of the electro-motive energy after the first stimulus due to the application of light is the physical representative of what in physiological language is called fatigue. The inductive effect of withdrawing the light, causing a return of electro-motive power, explains the common observation of the advantage to vision which results from intermitting a steady gaze by withdrawing the eye, even for no more than an instant, from an object on which it is fixed. If the nerve is dying, the impact of light does not produce an increase of force, but the failing action of the nerve is arrested for a moment, after which it continues to decrease. The authors are of opinion that these physical effects are the cause of and are comparable to the perception of sensational differences by the brain. Their experiments, however, prove that the difference of our visual sensations in intensity is not a function of the brain but of the terminal organ, the retina.

Thirty Years in a Cave.

In the wilderness eight miles northwest of Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, Pa., underneath a huge rock in a small cave, six by eight feet, has lived for upward of thirty years a human being named Austin Sheldon. He was born in Wales, and emigrated to the United States about the year 1840. When he landed in New York he had a small sum of money, with which he came afoot to Pike county and purchased a single acre of wild, uncultivated, scrub-oak land, situated in Lehman township, amid a dense and dismal forest, several miles from any habitation.

At the western end of this small strip of land is a small cave only about six by eight feet. In this cave, without any alterations or improvements, this hermit has for more than thirty years made his home.

The hermit is nearly seventy years of age. His face has not been shaven in forty years. The sides of his face, and chin, and neck are covered with coarse gray hair, while his beard is several feet in length, and white as snow. He wears the same suit of clothes he wore twenty years ago, which are so badly rent as to render it necessary to fasten them together by means of twisted hickory withes. He never works, and unless obliged to go to the nearest store for ammunition, never leaves sight of his cave.

His mode of living is peculiar. His diet consists principally of berries and fruit during their season, while in the winter he subsists on various kinds of wild game. His education was not neglected during his boyhood, for he is well read and remarkably intelligent. He is a firm believer in religion, and devotes most of his time to reading the Bible and other sacred works. He is deaf, and has been so for several years, rendering it necessary to communicate with him by means of writing. He has the faculty of charming birds, many of which he has secured in this way and reared.

He has never used a lamp or candle in his cave. His bed is composed of straw scattered upon a solid rock. Sheldon enjoys his peculiar mode of living, and says he expects to make this cave his final resting place.

Velvet Polonaises and Cloaks.

The most stylish velvet polonaises yet seen are in Henri III. designs, with long front and short back. The deep single-breasted fronts are pointed, and hung loosely from the figure, that is, without darts or belt. The back is fitted closely by five seams, and is merely long enough to form an ample basque; a belt underneath keeps the back properly adjusted. The trimming is a wide border of dark fur, also a deep fur collar. Other velvet polonaises have close-fitting bodies, with a basque behind, and straight square skirts, very little draped, and all the fullness carried to the back. These are elaborately trimmed with wide braid, many jet beads, fringe, and lace.

Velvet sacques have deep square fronts forming an apron, and half-long backs. The material of which they are made is almost concealed by the trimming, which is innumerable rows of jet beads and silk cord in straight lines over the body of the garment, while the sleeves are covered with jet fuchsias. The border for such cloaks is of rooks' or crows' feathers sewed on a band. Sometimes silk tubular braid dotted with beads is in rows all over the garment, and the sleeves are wrought in arabesque designs. The tendency is toward flowing and half-open sleeves, while some still have the straight wide *religieuse* sleeve of last winter. At some of the best houses Dolman mantles and the sacques Dolmans are again shown.

Handsome matelasse sacques are trimmed with wide borders of dark fur, and have deep fur collars (not boas), with fur tops on cuffs and on the pockets, which are placed quite far back.

The most perfect imitation of seal-skin is found in a new plush of deep pile and fine seal brown tints. This is made up in the loose sacque shape popular for fur cloaks, and is trimmed with a border of lighter plush, resembling otter and the uncolored seal-skins. $40 is the price.

Best Organs on Most Favorable Terms.

The new terms offered by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, for the sale of their celebrated instruments, create dissatisfaction with many dealers, who declare that they will greatly injure the business of selling other organs, especially by peddlers. By these terms a person is allowed to hire an organ, paying only a reasonable rent for it—having the privilege, of course, of returning it at any time after six months, or of purchasing it at any time. If the purchase is completed within a year, the whole cost of the organ is only five to ten per cent. more than if all cash had been paid at the beginning.

Dealers say this is much too small a difference for the accommodation in time, and privilege of returning, given.

The Mason & Hamlin Company are determined to try the experiment thoroughly at least, being confident that their organs will prove so attractive and satisfactory in use that scarcely any will ever be returned to them. Circulars with full particulars can be obtained by addressing them in Boston, New York, or Chicago.—*Com.*

The minister of the interior—The mouth.

DRIVEN TO SUICIDE.

Sad Fate of a New Hampshire School Teacher—A Mother's Curse.

Miss Cross, a school teacher in Stark, N. H., lately committed suicide by drowning, under the following circumstances, as related by a local paper: She had had charge of the school for several weeks. The scholars thought much of her, and till within a short time before her death she kept an orderly and excellent school. But during the last week all seemed to be disorder and confusion in the school. The committee having heard of the fact, visited the school and found it much as above described, on which, after the school was dismissed, they kindly talked with her privately relative to the school, told her how it seemed to them, and advised her, as she appeared pale and nearly sick, quietly to go to the agent and resign her position; or if she felt strong enough to go on with the school, and thought she could improve in the particulars they mentioned, she could do so. She said she would determine what was best between that time and the hour of school the next morning. They left for their homes. She did not return to her boarding house that night, and her friends became alarmed. The school house was locked. On looking in at the window the key was seen on the floor. On entering they discovered on her desk some little articles of value she had taken from her person and the following note, addressed to her sister:

DEAR MARY: All I have to say is that the curse is fulfilled. The daughters shall die in sorrow, if not in shame, before they are twenty. Good-bye all.

LAURAINA.

Search was made for her body. The school house was situated on the bank of the river, where the water was deep and still, and the body was found near by. Before the coroner's jury her sister explained the note by relating that they were the children of Amos K. Cross, of Waterford, Me., and that in consequence of some difficulty between them, her father separated from his first wife, and was again married, on which his mother, taking sides against him, pronounced with dreadful emphasis this dreadful curse upon her son's children: "His daughters shall die in sorrow, if not in shame, before they are twenty, and the sons shall be cut off in infancy." She said that for some time Lauraina had constantly dwelt upon the subject of the curse, and the more so recently, as she was nearing the age of twenty, and she had done and said things which had caused her to think her sister meditated suicide. And her room mate testified that only a week before she had spoken of it to her, and alluded to the fact that she was nineteen years of age, and if the curse was fulfilled she had but a short time longer to live. The fact that some of her brothers died in infancy tended to strengthen the superstition, so that insanity and death were the consequence.

A New Cure for Snake Bites.

About three weeks ago Mr. Ruckman of Sundower county, Miss., had occasion to ride through a portion of his land thickly studded with cane. Being on horseback, in penetrating the dense growth, he naturally raised his arm (the left) to part the branches. In doing so he felt a smart sting on his arm, quickly followed by another, and he perceived a huge rattlesnake hanging to his arm. He caught him with his right hand and attempted to throw him to the ground; but in doing so the snake struck the horse on which Mr. R. was riding; the horse died nine days afterward from the bite.

Mr. Ruckman rode home as fast as possible, his arm having swollen to such proportions as would almost equal the size of his body. He had no whisky in the house, but some chloroform, and there was no physician nearer than fifteen miles. He took all the chloroform he had, but without effect. His wife then beat the whites of six eggs, mixed salt with them, and applied the mixture to the two wounds.

Mr. Ruckman is now well and ready for more snakes. He says that to the happy thought of his wife in making the preparation she did, and to his own nerve in resisting the thought of death from a snake bite, he attributes his present good health. Nothing remain to show the ordeal through which he has passed but the tiny scars in the arm where the venomous fangs entered the flesh. The swelling is assuaged, and he has perfect use of his arm. He says the only inconvenience he suffers is that occasionally he feels a pain in the left side and shortness of breath, but apprehends no further trouble. The snake had fourteen rattles, and measured five feet and four inches in length.

Affairs in Italy.

The Italian government is occupied with a problem of hardly less importance than its finances—the pacification of Sicily, in which society seems to be on the eve of dissolution, from causes described in a very interesting article in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by M. Louis Lande. The island contains no middle or commercial or agricultural class, and is owned in vast estates, and cultivated by laborers or metayers, who are huddled in wretched villages or in the cities, and have to go long distances every day to their work. The church is all-powerful, and the bulk of the population is in a secret league against the law, called *Mafia*, an association made up of brigands and thieves and receivers and their accomplices, who defy the police, overawe jurymen and witnesses, and, in fact, have brought the machinery of justice, as well as trade and industry, to a standstill. A conviction in the courts before a jury has become impossible; proprietors cannot visit their farms except under a strong military escort; officials live in daily terror of assassination. The robbers have actually undermined the government pawnshop, or Mont de Piete, at Palermo, and made vast vaults for the storage of their plunder, and they levy regular taxes in the shape of blackmail on shopkeepers and all peaceable citizens not belonging to the association. The disease is known in the local dialect as *malandrinaggio*, and is the equivalent in an aggravated form of the brigandage of Calabria and Greece.

Bon Bons.

The manufacture of bon bons is carried on to a very large extent in France, and it is stated that in Paris alone there are nearly two hundred shops devoted to this unique industry and employing a vast number of hands. The men receive from a franc and a half to eight francs a day, and the women from one to four francs; while the amount of indirect business, such as the making of boxes, packets, and various fanciful accompaniments, is enormous. A specialty in this line, peculiar to the French, is the manufacture of what are known as liquor bon bons, and which are exported in great quantities to foreign lands. In the production of these, the sugar preparation, reduced to a fine powder, is spread over a tray, and upon this single drops of the liquor are allowed to fall; the tray is then shaken, the pulverized sugar forms a coating round the several drops of fluid—which can, of course, be increased to any thickness desired—and in this simple way the article is completed.

Satisfied.

A good joke is told of a wealthy merchant of Boston, whose character for honesty and integrity is unimpeached, but whose chirography is fearfully bad. He wrote to a foreign correspondent from whom he received a cargo of fruit, complaining in strong terms of its quality. The correspondent couldn't read the letter, and summoned his whole corps of clerks, and they could make nothing of it. The correspondent, however, was satisfied that the letter was intended to convey fault, but as it could not be disciphered, he at once replied as follows: "Messrs. ——, your letter is received, and we are happy to learn that the fruit proved entirely satisfactory."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The wedding of the daughter of General Sherman to Lieut. Fitch, at Washington, was celebrated according to the rites of the Catholic Church. The ceremonies were witnessed by all the foreign consulates in Washington and many friends. The presents to the bride were extensive and costly. The bride was dressed in white silk, and the services included a mass. The services were performed by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati. The happy pair started at once for St. Louis, where they will reside.

The Prohibitionists and Temperance Party of New York have nominated the following State ticket: Governor, William J. Groo, of Orange; Lieutenant-Governor, Richard E. Sutton, of Oneida, Canal Commissioner, John Lyth, of Erie; State Prison Inspector, Adam C. Flanagan, of New York; and Judge of the Court of Appeals, John W. Stebbins, of Monroe. The Liquor Dealers of New York have held a Convention, adopted a constitution and denounced the Excise and Sunday law, but no political action was taken. The Nevada Independent State Convention held at Carson made nominations which include seven Democrats, four Republicans, and three Independents. L. R. Bradley, for Governor; A. J. Hatch, for Lieutenant-Governor; A. C. Ellis, for Congress, were nominated. The Democrats of the First District of Tennessee have nominated William J. McFarland for Congress. The Hon. George M Beebe was nominated by the Democratic Convention for Congress from the Fourteenth District, New York. In the Democratic-Liberal Convention held at Dankirk, A. F. Allen, of Jamestown, was nominated for Congress. The Republicans of the Sixth New Jersey District renominated Marcus L. Ward, of Newark, for Congress.

The last public debt statement of the United States shows a reduction of nearly half a million dollars for the month of September. The total debt is now $2,259,618,714 54—debt, less cash in the Treasury, $2,139,743,196 62. Work upon the foundation of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument to be erected on Boston Common is soon to be resumed, and the memorial hastened to completion. The figures to form a part of the monument are now being finished in Rome by Joseph Milmore. Fourteen persons, convicted of taking part in the riots at Medenau, Northeastern Prussia, last June, have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from six months to three years. In the terrible collision which took place at Thorpe, near Norwich, on the Great Eastern Railway, England, out of 220 passengers on both trains 22 were killed and 60 injured. Just before the accident occurred a young lady who was coming from Yarmouth asked a Mr. Toomack to change places with her as she did not like riding with her back to the engine; he complied and was killed on the spot. More than 100 fatal cases of the cattle disease are reported at New Haven, Conn., and the disease has broken out in the towns of Stafford and Tarriffville. A letter from T. S. Gold, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, reports several deaths in the northern part of that State from the true Texan cattle. The authorities were not aware of the presence of the disease until several animals had died and others of the same herd had been killed and sold for beef. The Governor of Texas has made an official communication in regard to the troubles on the Rio Grande, the thefts of cattle and the general losses American citizens suffer from Mexican marauders. He asks for protection by the government. Texas, it appears, cannot protect itself, because the United Staffs laws interfere.

A terrible affray took place at Silver City, Nev. Two men were instantly killed and three have died since. There has been trouble among the trustees of the Justice Mining Company. Two parties are fighting for the control of the company. About 7 o'clock a party of men, headed by Mr. Kellogg, the newly-appointed superintendent, went to the works. When near the works they were warned off. Instead of obeying, they made a rush for the entrance, when shooting commenced on both sides. The jury in the Phelps case, at Albany, failed to agree. Eleven of the jurors in the case signed and sent the following paper to the Court: In the case of the State against C. H. Phelps, the prisoner, we find the prisoner guilty on the evidence, but one juror disagrees on his own conviction and not on the evidence. The coroner's verdict in the case of Linscott, who died in a dentist's chair, in Boston, is that death was caused by the inhalation of chloroform, administered for a dental operation. The jurors are of opinion that, with our present knowledge of chloroform, its use as an æsthetic is wholly unjustifiable, and they recommend that legislative action be taken to prevent its administration. The clergymen of Portsmouth, N. H., propose uniting weekly in prayer for the cause of temperance. The verdict of the coroner's jury upon the Granite Mill disaster, at Fall River, is a sweeping censure of the style of mill architecture in the United States. The matches at Creedmore since the International match have been unfavorable to the Americans, the Irish team taking the prizes. The New York *Herald* offers to pay one-fourth of the expense of a United States Press Expedition, under Dr. Hayes, in search of the North Pole.

The tobacco crop of the Connecticut valley, which looked poor during the early summer, has been harvested without accident and under most favorable circumstances. The condenser in the laundry of the Massachusetts State prison exploded, killing J. Henry Woods, the night watchman. The top of his head was completely blown off. The cotton mills generally of Rhode Island have begun running on two-thirds time. The Continental and Lincoln Mills in Lewistown, Me., are running half time. The Androscoggin is running two-thirds time, and the other mills will follow. Bryan Waller Proctor, well known as "Barry Cornwall," the English acter, is dead. He was in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Walrabe, the Orange Mountain brigand, pleaded guilty in the Newark, N. J. Court of Special Sessions to forty indictments for burglary. The Democrats of the Fourth District of Arkansas have renominated Col. Thomas W. Gunter for Congress. The Democrats and Labor Reformers of the Fifth Massachusetts District have nominated Gen. N. P. Banks for Congress. Charles Place, of Somerset county, has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Fourth New Jersey District. The news from the Indian Territory is not encouraging. General Miles has been compelled by the Cheyennes to retreat from his advanced position, and dangerous raids are expected on the Kansas border. Guatemala has been visited by a violent earthquake, and houses were thrown down in the capital, with the loss of many lives.

Latest advices from Buenos Ayres state there is the greatest excitement among all classes in consequence of the insurrection. Many persons are flying from the city. Every departing steamer carries away numerous families. All merchant steamers leaving the town are escorted to sea by war ships of their respective governments, as they fear molestation by the insurgent fleet. The Republican County Convention at Harrisburgh, Pa., nominated John B. Parker for Congress. The pay of the Morris Canal workmen is reduced from the 1st of November from $1.50 to $1.25 per day. The Hon. M. I. Townsend was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Twenty-seventh (N. Y.) District (Rensselaer and Washington counties). The Republicans of the Eighth District of Missouri have nominated Gen. W. H. Powell, of Kansas City, for Congress, and the Independents of the same district have nominated J. P. Alexander. Advices from the sections of the country where the India famine prevailed state that 600,000 natives are yet supported by the government relief works. The government expenditures on account of the famine have ceased. These expenditures will be below the estimate. Favorable rain is continue. A shocking accident took place at the Charity colliery, near Nuneaton, England. At the bottom of the shaft an incline commences, and the men usually descend this in tubs drawn by an engine. Eighteen of the men had entered some tubs for this purpose, and after they had proceeded a short distance, a number of empty tubs which had been standing at the top of the incline were accidentally set in motion, and were propelled against the others at a terrific rate. By the collision two men were killed, two others fatally injured, and three more seriously hurt. Complete returns have been received from the elections for the Councils General of France. They show that eight hundred Conservatives and five hundred Republicans were chosen. This is a Conservative gain of twenty.

A Fatal Duel.

The New York *Evening Post*, in referring to one of the last duels that took place in that city, says: The Park Theatre duel was a very peculiar affair, and seems more like fiction than fact. Stephen Price, a native of an adjacent county, was a theatrical manager in this city for many years. After he had been here a few years his brother Benjamin came to town, and was a frequent visitor to the Park Theatre, then under Stephen's control. One night Benjamin Price was in a private box accompanied by a young lady. In the next box sat a British officer, who stared at the lady in a rude manner. Price entered the officer's box and pulled the latter's nose. In a few moments the officer sent in his card (the first step to a challenge), accompanied by a statement that he had intended no offence to the lady, and was not aware that he had been guilty of any rudeness. Mr. Price immediately regretted his haste and apologized for his violence, and thus the matter rested.

Subsequently the officer went to Canada, whither gossip soon conveyed a report of the scene at the theatre. His associates, being strict constructionists of the law of honor, determined to cut his acquaintance, and he was forced to return to this city and challenge Price or lose caste. A duel at Hoboken was the result. Price was killed at the first fire, and the officer returned to his regiment with vindicated honor. One of the active promoters of this bloody affair was a Captain Wilson, who afterwards came to this city and stopped at the Washington hotel. While here he referred to the affair, and his words were soon brought to Stephen Price. The latter repaired to the hotel and offered an insult which led to a "meeting," and the Captain was killed. It is said that the affair was so private that the friends of Captain Wilson were for a long time under the supposition that he had gone suddenly to England.

Good Advice.

I am always sorry for a man who knows how to do but one thing. I have seen many such men. I gave $10 to one who could write five or six languages and translate beautifully; but in the middle of a hard winter he could not get a living. I knew another man who had preached twenty-five years, until his throat failed him, and he used to go around looking very, very blue and sad, until people pitied him and got up donation parties for him, because he was good for nothing except to preach. I knew of a lady once who had taught school for twenty years, till she was a poor, nervous, broken down woman, and didn't know how to make a dress for herself. Now, boys and girls, every real man should know how to do one thing right well. Every wise farmer has a principal crop; but he has always a little something else to live on. Don't carry all your eggs in one basket. Don't put all your money in one pocket. If you want to get along right well, learn one sort of work to get along by, and all sorts of work to get a living with when your one sort gives out.—*T. K. Beecher.*

How They Got It.

Among those attending the Michigan State Fair, was a young man named Andrew Campbell. He had considerable money with him and was constantly on the lookout for pickpockets. He saved his wallet all right until the last day. While he was standing at a refreshment booth on that day, a man fell against him, pretending to be drunk, and staggered off. Campbell soon discovered that a long slit had been cut in the breast of his coat, but it was not long enough for the pickpocket to get the wallet out. The rent was pinned up and the bills taken from the wallet and put into his pants pocket. He then went around with his hand in his pocket and thought he was all right, but while he was in a crowd looking at a horse, some one knocked his hat over his eyes and up went his hand to raise it. While he was raising his hat the pickpocket took his money and made off.

From India.

Notwithstanding the famine, the public works are still carried on. The laborers, who generally have a haggard, worn look, work with little energy, and earn no more than eight cents a day of American money. With this sum the lads do well enough, but men with families find it a very bare subsistence. For the purpose of consolidating and leveling the road, the laborers squat on the bank and beat the road with small sticks from fifteen to eighteen inches long. The people sit in rows, being divided into small gangs numbering from twenty to thirty. The work they do is the least possible, and though the pay given is barely sufficient to provide food for an adult, the labor performed by the people is not worth one-fourth of the pittance received.

Small boy—"George, Mrs. Brown wants you to come home this minute!" Mrs. Brown—"Why don't you say his mother wants him? I don't want my name shrieked in the streets like that." Boy—"Well, ma'am, I thought it might hurt his feelings to have the fellows know that he had to run errands."

The gallant secretary of a life insurance company, being in command of a platoon during the late unpleasantness at New Orleans, struck up the gun of one of his men about to fire on a staff officer, with the exclamation: "Don't shoot at him; we've got a policy on him."

Old Humbugs Discarded.

Thank heaven, the old-school practice is passing away. Ipecac, aloes, calomel, blistering, the lancet, and (worse than all), medicated rum, have given place to a new remedy, which bids fair to become the universal medicine of mankind. Vinegar Bitters is that remedy. It is destined to take precedence of all other curatives now before the world. The pharmacopœia and conspectus of the regular Faculty contain nothing that will compare with it. Every day hundreds of the sick are emancipating themselves from systems of treatment which entail great expense and do no good, and are flying to this cheap and absolutely certain means of relief. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, liver complaint, periodic fevers, sick headache, kidney diseases, constipation, nervous affections, and in short all maladies, acute or chronic, which do not involve the irreparable injury of some vital organ, are cured by this pure inalcoholic vegetable restorative.—*Com.*

Died Suddenly of Heart Disease.

How common is the announcement. Thousands are suddenly swept into eternity by this fatal malady. This disease generally has its origin in impure blood filled with irritating, poisonous materials, which, circulating through the heart, irritate its delicate tissues. Though the irritation may at first be only slight, producing a little palpitation or irregular action, or dull, heavy, or sharp darting pains, yet by and by the disease becomes firmly seated, and inflammation, or hypertrophy, or thickening of the lining membrane or of the valves, is produced. How wise to give early attention to a case of this kind. Unnatural throbbing or pain in the region of the heart should admonish one that all is not right, and if you would prevent further disease, you must help it to be it rightly by the use of such a remedy as will remove the cause of the trouble. Use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery before the disease has become too seated, and it will, by its great blood purifying and wonderful regulating properties, effect a perfect cure. It contains medicinal properties which act specifically upon the tissues of the heart, bringing about a healthy action. Sold by all first-class Druggists.

HEART DISEASE CURED.

ROCKPORT, Spencer county, Ind., February 1st, 1874.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

About two years ago I was afflicted with a disease of the heart, which at times created a pressure around it, almost causing suffocation. I saw an advertisement of your Golden Medical Discovery, recommending the same as a cure for disease of the heart. I then bought half a dozen bottles of it, and after using three bottles I was entirely relieved, and am now enjoying good health. Gratefully yours,

VITUS KILLIAN.

Henry Ward Beecher writes that the Steinway piano is a *musical angel*.—*Com.*

The Elmwood Collar is the most perfect-fitting collar yet made. It is so close an imitation of linen that it cannot be detected. The novelty that produces this effect is the *folded edges* which, when worn over a scarf or tie, prevents the sharp raw edge from showing as in other collars. It is for sale at all gents' furnishing stores.—*Brooklyn Union.*

Do you ever think that a neglected cough or cold may lead to serious consequences? In the early stages of lung disease take Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It can always be relied upon.—*Com.*

Those who like to see a ragged toe and dirty stockings will not care to buy Silver Tipped Shoes. But those who would rather have a neat Silver Tip should insist that their shoe dealer should always keep them.—*Com.*

To have good health the liver must be kept in order. Sanford's Liver Invigorator has become a staple family medicine. Purely vegetable—Cathartic and Tonic—for all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels; clears the complexion, cures sick-headache. Shun imitations. *Try Sanford's Liver Invigorator.*—*Com.*

Ladies Desire what Men Admire.—And

this little thing is Beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion and a luxurious head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make any lady of thirty appear but twenty; and Lyon's Kathairon will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It prev